

The January

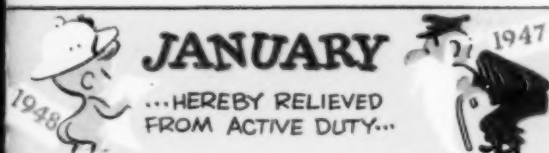
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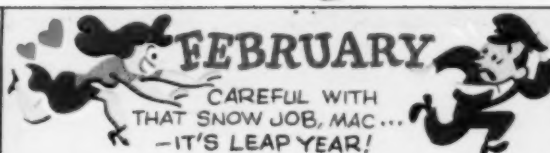
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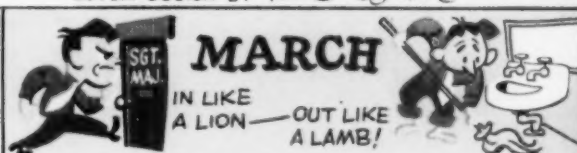
COVER DESIGN BY KAREL HUBENTHAE



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RULES OF THE CONTEST

LEATHERNECK Magazine's 1948 photography-writing contest is now open. Marines and former Marines are invited to submit their entries (one or more photographs, stories or articles) for which a \$50 Savings Bond will be awarded if the material is selected for publication. A second \$50 bond will be given for the story, article or photographs judged best in their class among entries for the year. Entries will be judged by The Leatherneck Staff. Their decisions in each case shall be final. Winners will be notified by mail and prizes will be paid monthly. The grand prize will be awarded early in 1949. All entries chosen will become the property of The Leatherneck Association.

Photography contestants must submit at least four different "shots," with negatives, if possible. Any or all of such entries may be published. Photographs must be fully described. Rejected photos will not be returned. Rejected manuscripts will be sent back to the authors provided a stamped, self-addressed envelope accompanies the entry.

Contestants may submit any number of entries in either class, but no contestant will receive more than two monthly awards in a class. Enclosed with each contribution should be the contestant's date and place of enlistment, and autobiographical sketch.

Final entries for the year must be in the hands of the judges by November 30, 1948. First selections will appear in the March, issue of the magazine.

Present or former members of The Leatherneck Staff are not eligible to contribute.

★
Contestants! Include the following information with entries: Size and make of camera. Type of film. Filter if used, and exposure setting.
★



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NOTICE

Notice is given that a meeting of the members of THE LEATHERNECK ASSOCIATION is hereby called, and will be held at Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., on February 5, 1948, at 1330, for the transaction of any and all business that may come before said meeting.

JAMES F. McINTEER, JR.
Captain, USMC
Secretary-Treasurer

THE LEATHERNECK, JANUARY, 1948

VOLUME XXXI, NUMBER 1

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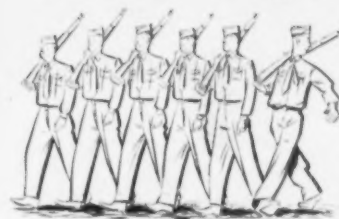
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P.A. means *Prince Albert*



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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

CONVENTION

in Miami

by Sgt. Stanley T. Linn
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Louis Lowery
Leatherneck Photographic Director

MARINE Corps Leaguers, 1200 strong, blew into Miami, Fla., for their 24th annual convention on the wake of the worst hurricane to hit the southland in 10 years. After five days of business, fun and frolic, the storm reversed itself and practically blew them out again.

During the week many of the League's plans had to be cancelled or rearranged in order to conform with what the Chamber of Commerce called "unusual" weather. Rain greeted the Leaguers in the city's out-

Foul-weather gear was SOP with Marine Corps Leaguers during their 24th convention



Miamians, equipped with umbrellas and slickers, watched Second Division Marines take their city



At the League's banquet, General A. A. Vandegrift stressed the Corps' need for a strong organization of active reserves



Leaguers had to scamper back to hotels when the second hurricane struck without warning



Could this be Venice? Two amphibious Leaguers await the next gondola at Hialeah's bus stop

CONVENTION IN MIAMI (cont.)

skirts and didn't let up except for a few hours each day during which, ironically, no events had been scheduled.

Marines swarmed over the McAllister Hotel, Headquarters for the convention, like bees on a hive. Streets were decorated with "Welcome" signs, and the city had turned itself over to League members lock, stock and barrel—including its weather.

To keep law and order, without taxing the city's police force, the Leaguers established their own M.P. Company, with a complement of 35 men. This, however, proved the old adage that little progress is made when the blind lead the blind. Most of the billy-club toting League cops belonged to the organization's fun making group, the Devil-Dogs, and whenever the initiating members set out on a tour with a "puppy" on a casket, brassards went into pockets, and the law showed indifference.

The first event, the Military Cavalcade in the



Deprived of attending many of the scheduled events and fearful of being swept to sea, Leaguers remained close to their hotels, joking about Florida's "sunny" weather



Orange Bowl Stadium, was staged amidst suitable weather. Mother Nature pacified herself for six hours, and the early part of the evening was filled with welcome dryness.

In spite of the usual quirks and twists which ordinarily befall large productions, the routine of the stadium cavalcade proceeded in rapid fashion, and ended with a bang-up finish which drew a howling ovation from approximately 15,000 spectators.

During the course of the evening, the stadium's football field was filled with marching Marines from the Second Division, dressed in khaki, blues and combat uniforms. High school bands from the area also participated.

After 45 minutes of precision marching and martial music, the men moved off and 14 lovely ladies became the center of attraction. These beautiful queens representing Marine Corps League Detachments from all sections of the country were contending for the coveted title of "Miss Semper Fidelis" of 1948. The judges in the event were three former Marines; General H. M. (Howling Mad) Smith, USMC Retired; Congressman George Smathers, from Florida; and Ted Lyons, manager of the Chicago baseball team—the White Sox.

The selection of the winner was difficult since all of the comely contestants might have placed first by anyone's standards but a cute honey-blond, Marie Groves from Anderson, Ind., won the judges' decision. The audience's reaction was indicated by a loud roar of approval when she rode into the stadium. Following Miss Groves, were two Louisiana girls, Miss Evelyn Hollis, Shreveport, and Miss Velma Sprague, Houma, second and third place winners.

On the far side of the stadium a replica of Mt. Suribachi had been constructed. And as the

lights were dimmed a company from the Eighth Regiment charged the slope in a simulated attack. Rifles and machine guns sounded off with blank ammunition, battle sounds of bursting bombs, rockets and mortar fire, were filled in over the P.A. system. The spectators, with wild applause, paid tribute to the convincing performance given by the Marines as they made the climb. Small charges of TNT exploded in the path ahead and many a Marine in the group could have closed his eyes and envisioned gun positions he had once charged.

The Marines had made the ascent and again the stars and stripes commanded "Mt. Suribachi." The entire crowd stood at attention while the playing of the National Anthem ended the impressive ceremony.

The Florida weather succeeded in doing what the Japs failed to do in four years of fighting in the Pacific. It stopped the Marines from landing when the time arrived for the Second Division to invade Miami Beach. Of course, Marines made landings in all kinds of weather during the war, but this was a big show, staged for an audience, and consequently deserved a postponement.

The next day approximately 1000 people entrenched themselves in positions along the beach which would have been occupied by the enemy if the attack had been the real thing. Despite low hanging clouds and rain, they remained for the promised Jap's eye view of 500 hard-hitting Marines establishing a beachhead at Lummus Park.

For many of the spectators the mock invasion was a grim reminder of enemy beaches they had landed on during the war, while others learned for the first time how the "impossible" landings were made on such islands as Tarawa, Saipan and Iwo Jima.

However, the Leaguers' week-long sojourn in Florida was not entirely devoted to play. The past year had been one of progress. There were business sessions to be held and questions to be answered in order that the coming year might be a successful one. Rounds of discussion were held on rehabilitation; veterans' housing and preference in job hunting; national security; juvenile and adult delinquency; foreign relations;

national welfare; aiding the Corps in its drive for more reserves; and, most important to the League, the problem of increasing its own ranks.

Few people know, or realize the important benefits obtained by the Leaguers for both former Marines and those still on active duty. They are a link between civilian and military life. Their tireless efforts brought a continuance of family allowances; effected pay raises; secured positions for disabled Marines and devised many other aids now available to the members of the Corps.

The election of new officers for the coming year excited the usual rivalry between the parties with candidates to offer. But when the smoke finally cleared away, a tabulation of votes found George T. Bullen of Chicago Detachment #1 elected the new National Commandant to succeed Joseph F. Alvarez of Boston, Mass. Like the two commandants before him, Alvarez and Tom Sweeney, Bullen also came out of the Corps a PFC. His service was during the first World War, with most of his time spent aboard the battleship USS *Pennsylvania*. His active service with the League dates back to 1941, when he joined the Chicago Detachment. Since then he has been Adjutant and Paymaster, National Senior Vice Commandant of the League, and State Commandant for the Department of Illinois. He was a member of the entertainment committee during 1944-45 on Chicago's famous "Salute to the Marines" show.

Mr. Bullen's anticipated plans for his year in office concern building up the membership; developing activities to stimulate interest in recruiting for the Corps, full cooperation with the reserve program; and the increase of facilities of



League members postponed business meetings to assist Miami's flood-stricken residents



Floyd LaVoy, New Brunswick, N. J., and Gerald Bakelaar, Newark, N. J., (left to right), worked with Florida Red Cross personnel for 24 hours

without any sleep or rest. They are shown carrying two boys who were trapped in a car that stalled in snake-infested waters of the Miami River

the Service Department. A sum of \$5,000 has already been appropriated for this program.

Elected to serve with Mr. Bullen are: Theus J. MacQueen, National Senior Vice Commandant; Steven Brown, Adjutant and Paymaster; Ralph Thombs, Judge Advocate; Joe Probst, Chief of Staff; Jerry Cannon, National Service Officer; Emory Meyers, National Chaplain; Colonel Frank Halford, Liaison Officer; and Herbert Baldwin, National Bugler.

District Vice Commandants are: Lew Ballard, Northeast; Bucky Harris, Southeast; Calvin Gorgon, Central; Martin Mullin, Midwestern; Meigs O. Frost, Southern; Clay Nixon, Northwestern, and Arthur Schriber, Southwestern.

At the close of the business and election sessions, the Leaguers adjourned and prepared to put the finishing touches on the convention by throwing a large banquet. General A. A. Vandegrift had flown down from Washington, to be guest speaker.

Everything would have been all right if another hurricane had not changed its course and hit Miami. Before the banquet ended, high winds were ripping signs, and smashing plate glass windows. Lakes and streams overflowed, flooding the low areas surrounding the city.

Approximately 12,000 people were deserting their homes, and the Red Cross had called for volunteers. The Marines were in the midst of things; volunteering for evacuation duty aboard the Navy's LCVs, manning ambulances and serving in food lines.

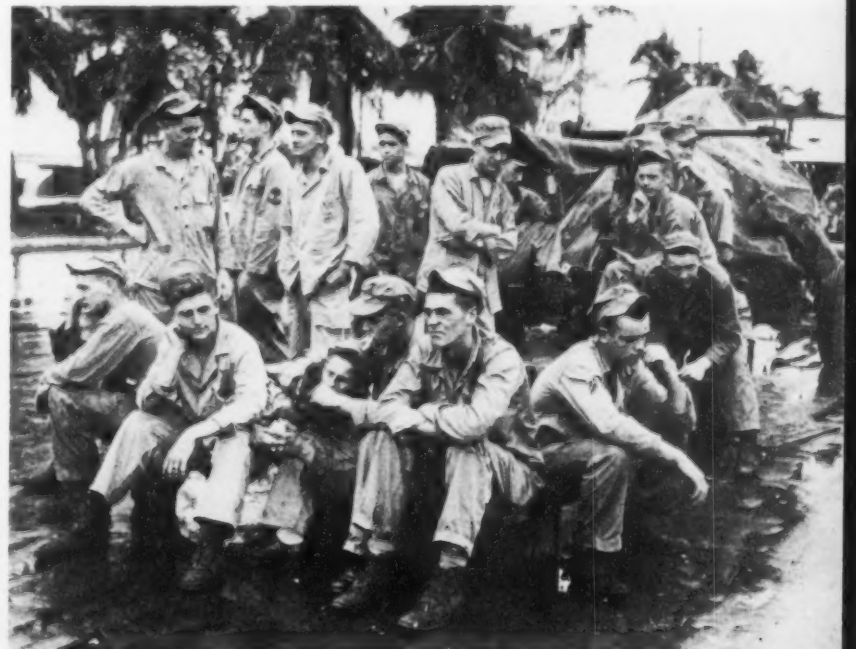
They worked feverishly aiding the stricken natives, and after two days finally took a much needed rest. But there had been casualties. The minor cuts and bruises were of no consequence but two of their members had lost their lives. James Warnock, 22, of Troy, N. Y., and Thomas Fedele, 18, of Chicago, Ill., had volunteered for ambulance service, and after completing three emergency runs their car was sideswiped. It

struck a telephone pole, killing the two former Marines and seriously injuring two Red Cross workers who were riding in the ambulance.

The accident brought a sad ending to the convention but the Leaguers knew that the work they had accomplished, both for the Corps and for the city of Miami, had given them another opportunity to perform according to their high tradition.



Helpful Leaguers piloted these young ladies safely across the street which, for obvious reasons, is not pictured here



Dejected Marines on duty at the artillery display await dry weather. Only a few spectators in raincoats saw the exhibit

CONVENTION IN MIAMI (cont.)



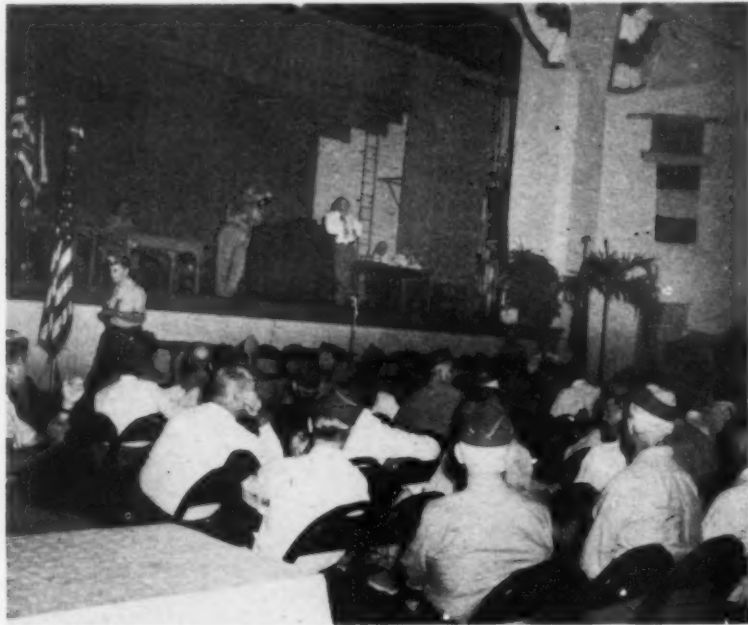
**Determination
and stamina passed many
new bills that would
secure the League's future**



George T. Bullen, World War I veteran, is shown being congratulated by General A. A. Vandegrift, on his appointment as National Commandant of the Marine Corps League



Upon their arrival, members of the League traveled down to Miami's Bayfront Auditorium to register and receive their delegate badges



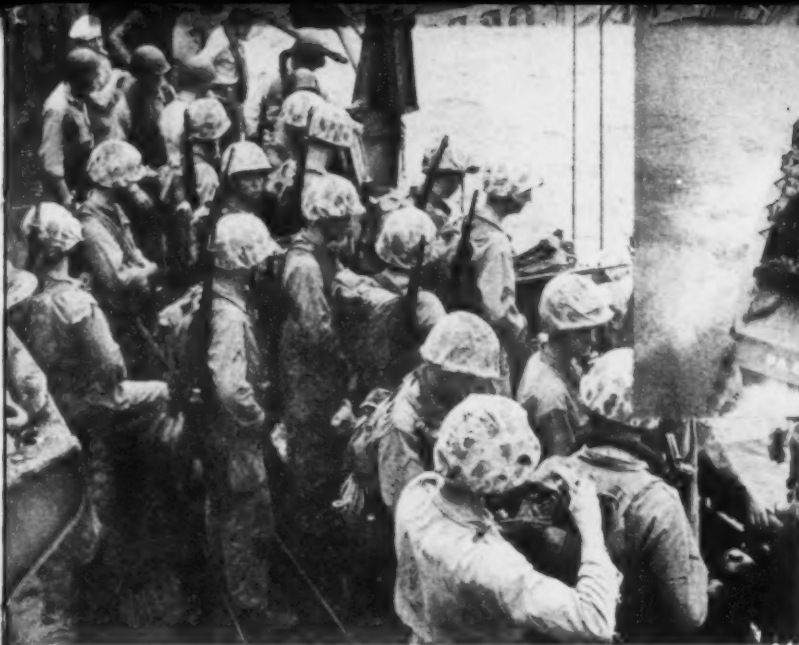
During one of the sessions a bill was passed making Navy Corpsmen who had served with the Marines eligible for membership in the League



The Leaguers took time out from their meetings to team up with the Legion in honoring the return of America's first World War II dead



It wasn't all work and no play for the ex-Marines who converged on Miami. This photograph was taken at a formal on the third night



Second Division Marines from Camp Lejeune prepare to leave the USS Randolph. They turned Miami Beach into a mock battlefield



At H-Hour the first wave of Marines landed and proceeded to take the city. Carefully planted demolitions exploded in front of them



Flame thrower teams cleared Miami Beach of pillboxes while troops of the assault rifle companies rested and reloaded for the attack



The majority of the Leaguers and a few Miamians were on hand to see the Marines land. Hucksters sold them war-surplus rain capes

Miss Semper Fidelis grabbed off her man on a landing beach





The Devil-Dog organization was
on hand to supply the
fun-making for the convention



John E. Van Dewoude of Boston, Mass. was
appointed National Chief of the Devil-Dogs



New pups, intent on becoming Devil-Dogs, sat up and
begged for apples in the lobby of the convention hotel

WR delegates were
easy prey for a lot
of Devil-Dog pranks



Newly initiated members of the Devil-Dogs paid their respects
to the National Mad Dog by howling to the moon at midnight



A member of the Devil-Dogs rode a wooden kimona through the
streets of Miami. The coffin treatment was part of the initiation



Competition for the Miss Semper Fidelis crown was keen as you can see from these 14 beauties representing 11 states



Marie Groves was named Miss Semper Fidelis and received the trophy from General Smith, a judge



Judges Ted Lyons, Gen. "Howling Mad" Smith and Lieut. Gen. Keller Rockey picked the Orange Bowl Cavalcade winner



While flashbulbs popped in the night and thousands of awed spectators looked on, Marines scattered over the huge Miami stadium stood rigidly

at attention while the National Anthem was being played. These men had just finished a realistic re-enactment of the taking of Mount Suribachi

CONVENTION IN MIAMI (cont.)



Beautiful girls from 14 cities
sought the coveted Miss
Semper Fidelis crown

Misses Evelyn Hollis, left, and Velma Sprague,
right, 2nd and 3rd place entries from Louisiana,
are pictured with the queen, Miss Marie Groves



Miss Elizabeth Shedd, Rutland, Vt., did a bit of earbanging with General
Smith, one of the judges. Miss Groves aided her cause with a pretty smile



Ted Lyons, ex-Marine captain and present manager of the White Sox,
is always looking for new hurlers. He tested Martha Erwin's pitching arm



Some of the contestants had decided to use their bathing suits for more
than just show but the torrential rains came and spoiled their swim party



MISS SEMPER FIDELIS

MARIE GROVES

This cute honey-blonde from Anderson, Ind., was chosen to reign as Miss Semper Fidelis in 1943.





Quantico's All-Navy Champions. Back row, from left to right: Spuhler, Peiritsch, Samis, Kohler, Ross, Standley, Volk, Loomis, Veigel, Larghey, Hora, Chapman, Adler, Mgr. Front row: "Doc" McGurn, trainer; Russo, Johnson, Gulley Schneider, Kinney, Snively, Doyle, Charinko, Schmagel

The Marines earned the service title by blasting the NTC with a smashing comeback after suffering a first game lacing

by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE first annual All-Navy baseball Championship to be conducted under the Navy's new elaborate and extensive sports program was won by the Quantico Marines, holders of the East Coast and Atlantic Ocean Baseball titles. The Marines took the tourney by three games to one in this best-out-of-five junior model of the World Series. The games were played on the winners home diamond in Quantico, Va. The defeated team, winners of the West Coast and Pacific Ocean titles, was the Bluejacket nine

of the Naval Training Center in San Diego, Calif.

Top caliber baseball was not much in evidence during the series. In the four games played, 52 runs were scored; of these 15 were unearned. The rest of the vital statistics in the "runs scored" column can be chalked up to 32 errors plus 20 bases on balls. These facts, however, cannot be considered a strict condemnation of the players; they merely indicate that service baseball, like its granddaddy counterparts, the major leagues, is still a few years away from its pre-war level. The box scores of the recent Yankee-Dodger series are evidence that they, too, played the same type of ball.

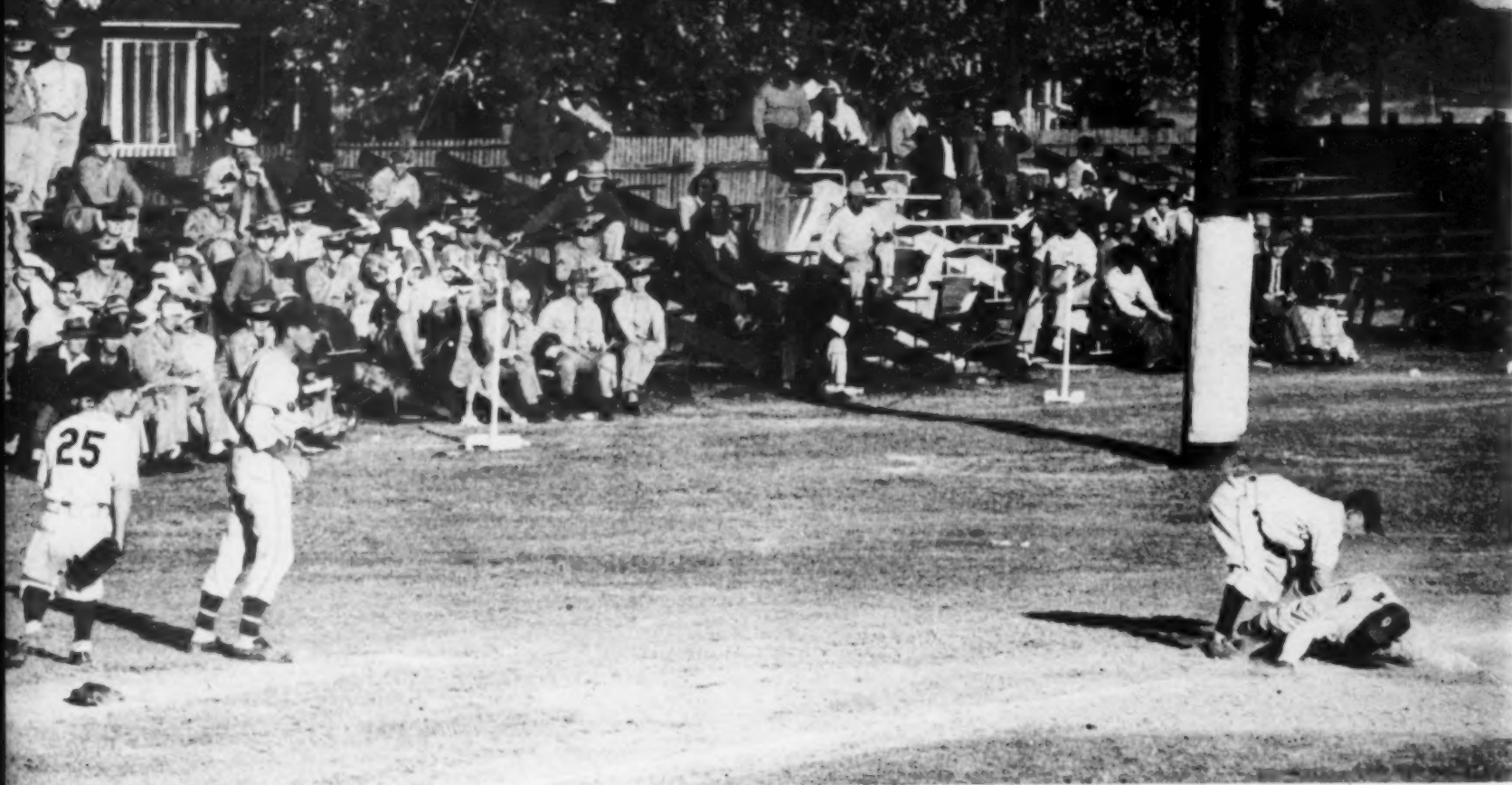
Perhaps the most significant factor brought out by the tournament is the concerted effort behind the Navy-Marine peacetime sports program which was instituted about a year ago. Within the next few years this drive promises to



Photos by Louis Lowery

Leatherneck Photographic Director

QUANTICO WINDUP (cont.)



In the wild, third game slug-fest which went to the Marines 21-4, Ralph Russo, Quantico shortstop, stretches a long hit into a triple by sliding neatly under Sailor Bob Bitter's tag. Lefty Thompson, NTC hurler, (No. 25) backs up the play. Russo scored on Peiritsch's hit

develop higher caliber play, as well as varied and efficient championship contests—not only in baseball but in all sports.

At the start of the Quantico tourney the sailors were faced with a handicap. Upon their arrival in Quantico, they learned that seven of their players, including several pitchers, had been declared ineligible because they had not served a sufficient length of time at NTC to warrant a place in the line-up. This left the gobs with only two hurlers.

Any confidence that the Marines may have had because of this cut in the sailor squad was soon to go flying over the side. The first three innings of the opening game were scoreless, but the sailors ran up a storm-warning flag when they connected for long, hard hit balls on several occasions. Most of these went for outs. In the fifth inning the hurricane flag was two-blocked by the gobs and it stayed up for the rest of the game. Sailors Albertson, Suter, Cox and Rohrig hit away and the blows fell not only safe but far. A couple of errors were recorded against the Marines and by the time the side was retired, five runs had been posted for NTC.

In the seventh frame the sailors opened up. Seven

runs, including Albertson's grand-slam homer crossed the plate. The gobs continued the slaughter in the eighth, when they moved three more runs in, giving them a total of 15. And that was the end of the scoring. Meanwhile Sailor Ramsey held Quantico to eight well-scattered hits and ran his strikeout total to seven.

To describe the barracks area of Quantico later that evening, we have to quote a member of the Quantico *Sentry's* sports staff, one Heinecke, the bard of the NCO Club, who, over a cup of steaming black Jamoke, was paraphrasing Thayer's "Casey at the Bat":

*"Oh, somewhere in this favored land
the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and
somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing,
and little children shout;
But there is no joy in Quantico—
the mighty Marines struck out."*

The second game of the series, played two days later, went to the Marines by a score of 5 to 2. Although outthit by the sailors, the Quantico boys stretched their blows into extra bases and that decided the contest. Batters limited to one-base hits and walks went for the extra base by daring sprints which, aided by bad throws, helped to raise the score. Tommy Thompson, the sailor hurler, pitched creditable ball, but six NTC errors offset his mound effort. Al Hora, Quantico athlete left-over from the "old Marine Corps," contributed a single, a two-bagger and some Dodger-style base-running that paid off to the tune of three runs. It was also the spark which the Marines needed to set them on fire. Bucky Loomis, after a shaky start on the hill for Quantico, got things under control in the fourth inning and wasn't headed thereafter.

A day's respite was decreed by the tourney officials to rest up the skimpy NTC hurling staff for the third game. But it wasn't enough—they could have used a week. Bob Ramsey, sailor hurler who had beaten the Marines in the first game of the series, took the mound in an effort to notch his second win. With a gift one-run lead under his belt in the first inning, it was soon apparent that he wasn't going to hold it. He got rid of lead-off man Kinney, then walked Russo. "Pittsburgh Pete" Peiritsch was erased for the second out, but Ramsey walked Hora, putting two on. Les Veigel got his first

of four hits scoring Russo and Pete Larghey's booming triple pushed two more runs over the plate making three for the first inning. One more run was added in the second, two more in the third, five in the fourth, four in the fifth and none in the sixth. Not satisfied, they scored three in the seventh and eighth making a grand total of 21 runs on 22 hits and 11 NTC errors.

Meanwhile Pete Cherinko, the Marine twirler, was coasting along, finally giving up 10 hits for four runs. Tommy Thompson, sailor pitcher who lost the second game, took over from Ramsey in the fourth. He lasted to midway in the fifth and was then relieved by Center-fielder Ray Cox. There was nothing the sailors could do now to stem the tide. The big bats of Veigel, Larghey and Doug Standley accounted for four, six and five runs-batted-in respectively. The gobs' pitching staff was "ruined." They knew they were through.

The series at this point stood two games to one in favor of the Marines. The third and final contest was just a matter of form.

Bucky Loomis, Marine winner of the second game, came back on the mound for the pay-off. He was opposed by Bob Ramsey, the more rested of the sailor hurlers. Ramsey had at least an hour's more lay-off than Thompson. Surprisingly enough, it wasn't a bad game. Quantico got to Ramsey for one run in the third, two in the fifth and two in the sixth for a total of five. The scoring column ran blank for the rest of the game. Pete Peiritsch and Ralph Russo, representing Quantico's strong side of the infield at third and short, accounted for all of the runs with a Peiritsch double, good for three, and a Russo three-base slam, good for two more. Final score: Marines 5, NTC 0.

After a shaky first inning, Loomis settled down and looked good all the way. This victory gave him a 20 win and three loss standing for the season. In the two games he captured during the series, Loomis gave up 14 hits and two runs in 18 innings. He struck out 14, walked only one man, had one wild pitch and hit two batters. For service baseball, particularly in a clutch series, one has to admit that's creditable hurling.

The All-Navy Baseball Championship is the sixth title the Marines have won this year. The others were the Middle Eastern Service Conference; Middle Eastern Conference Play-Offs; Philadelphia Navy Tournament; Charlottesville Semi-Pro Tournament and the Potomac River Naval Command League.

END





Quantico's long-ball clouters

were too much for NTC

in the first annual All-Navy

baseball classic



"Old Man Mose" Al Hora, slugging Quantico outfielder, booms one of Sailor Bob Ramsey's low offerings for another triple



What's a ball game without a bit of "sea-lawyering" with the arbitrator in blue? Pete Peiritsch sits it out on second



Herb Kinney's 6th frame hit is wasted as he goes out at 2nd base. Sailor Clinton's perfect toss to Hollis nailed him



"Bucky" Loomis, Quantico's pay-off hurler, winner of 2nd and 4th games. He gave up 14 hits and 2 runs in 18 innings



Small talk prevailed on
long snowy drive
to Quantico.

WINTER DRIVE

SGT. L. F. JOHNSTON, JR.
Leatherneck Staff Writer

UNCLE treats his Marine recruits pretty handsomely. The sergeant with the moustache, like the hair on the brush you use in the bore of your rifle, grinned softly as the station wagon jumped under a heavy foot.

"Listen, Captain, we got jets. Just like a P-80."

A heavy roar of Twentieth Century horsepower came from the vicinity of the back tires.

"Never mind the jets, Hultom. Just take it easy. We have all day to get to Quantico."

The officer was an old mustang. You know these things from deduction. He wore a ribbon of Nicaragua. If he were an officer in that part of the Twenties, when men in campaign hats and pistol-buttoned khaki were chasing dusky insurrectionists among the banana plants, and only a captain now, he would need be very sluggish between the ears. And the officer was not that. They don't put lackwits in charge of recruiting posts.

Pausing to empty himself of a great bank of cigar smoke, he continued:

"Yeah, we're in no hurry. Especially in this snow."

"You're right, there, Cap'n."

The sergeant wasn't enlisted last week for that matter. The tone which flatters without losing presence for the speaker is not acquired easily. It takes time, hash-marks of it.

"Look at that dope!"

A long sedan with Jersey license plates flung snow onto their windshield as it passed. "Going to Florida probably, if he lives to get there."

"Yeah, he's a damn fool. You won't see me doing no speeds like that on a day like this!"

"Watch that truck in front. He's liable to jack-knife on this hill. You wouldn't be worth a nickel if he started coming back on you."

"What causes 'em to jack-knife, Cap'n?"

More leading questions. The sergeant has been in and out from under government steering wheels since '36.

"Oh, the load in the trailer starts dragging him down. The tail of it goes off to one side; the cab can't follow it, and she doubles up. Maybe turns over, and the damn fool who follows one of them too close gets smashed to junk."

"I see, Sir."

Both men turned to watch the struggling

truck laboriously grinding up the hill.

"Another half inch of snow and he'd never make it."

"No, Sir. Them boys sure can earn their money on a day like this."

A half mile of silence, the snow specking onto the windshield and the sharp contours of the Virginia landscape disappearing in the white.

"We oughta find somebody piled up down at the bottom of this hill, Sir. Some dope is bound to have tried it too fast."

"Uh huh."

"Jeez, look at that. Passing a car right on the hill. We'll pass him piled on his side before we get to Quantico."

"Just you watch and don't smash us up."

The captain stubbed out his cigar in the ashtray on the dash.

"Not a chance, Cap'n. I'm not about to do more than 25."

"Good idea. Not that I'm an old maid. I ride the foot-feed as hard as anyone else when the roads are dry."

"A man can afford to then, Sir."

"But these people here aren't set for the snow. Nobody uses chains; no snow-plows; and they still drive like nitwits."

"Yes Sir. It's a lot different where I come from. Everyone keeps their chains on and six or seven inches of snow don't mean anything."

"This is a damned good highway; one of the best in the country. But they aren't prepared for real winter. We oughta see a half dozen wrecks between here and Quantico."

"At least that, Sir. Maybe more."

"Yeah, there's one." A large hint of 'I told him so' was in the captain's voice. "Tried to take the curve too fast. They never learn, I guess."

Moving counterclockwise, a needle in front of the sergeant told of his speed being decreased by five miles. His self-satisfaction increased as his caution grew.

"Yeah, he sure got it. Wonder if it killed anybody?"

"Naw, not enough force in his smash."

"Reminds me of a time back in '41 when I was hitch-hiking out to Philly, Cap'n. A guy in a 40 Buick convertible picked me up. He drove 70 and 80 all the way to Baltimore, and about 10 miles out, a guy cuts in front of us and —"

"Watch out for that truck behind you. He's got no choice and couldn't stop in a half mile of this snow. Got a load, too."

Pulling slowly away from the vehicle behind, the sergeant studied his mirror.

"Yes Sir, damn big load, too. Looks like tile, four or five tons, I'd bet. Jeez, that stuff would really mash a light car."

The officer bit into a fresh cigar.

"You're in no hurry, are you, Cap'n? With things the way they are, I wanna drive real careful."

"Take your time; take your time."

There was no talk for a quarter hour. The station wagon purred steadily, rising in tone on the low hills and falling off on the down grades.

"Go ahead, sucker. Look at him, Cap'n."

Another heavy, expensive-sized car charged through the center of the highway, throwing powdery snow into a cloud. Caution again lessened the pressure of the sergeant's foot.

"There's another truck. Rotten work in this weather. They pull their guts out up a hill and then just turn it loose going down. You keep watching for 'em, Halto. I don't want this wagon within 500 yards of one of them either way."

"Yezzir."

The needle curved around to a break-neck 40 to pull up and around the truck.

"Well, there's the second one. Not bad, though," an almost transparent shade of disappointment in the voice.

A few minutes before they would reach Quantico's triangle, the driver spoke:

"Well, you can bet there'll be a lot of 'em on the way back if this snow keeps up. Where-all is the captain going here in Quantico?"

"Oh, a half dozen places. Post Headquarters, then the PX. After that I want to go talk to an old colonel at the airfield. Used to know him when he was a second lieutenant."

"Yezzir."

Two vehicles wanted an approving wave of the sentry's hand. The sergeant eased off his speed. It felt like the tiniest of grades.

A touch of brake.

No stop.

More brake.

Still going.

All the brake.

He wheeled vigorously to the right. His bumper cleared the car in front, but the rear wheels were loath to turn. The wagon skidded gently, half side-ways into the car of a major's wife.

"Holy Sinatra, Cap'n. I wasn't doin' more than 15."

"You weren't doing five. It's this snow."

Tones of utmost satisfaction.

END



Freedom Train

This educational railway tour across the country will remind many Americans of their heritage



by Sgt. Stanley T. Linn

Leatherneck Staff Writer

A LONG, twisting queue of youngsters, their teachers, and an occasional black-robed nun, stood patiently awaiting a long-heralded look at freedom.

They were not refugees from bedeviled Europe. They were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Average American, who had been given the opportunity to absorb some of the priceless heritage written into the Bill of Rights, the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. These and more than 100 other documentary pillars in the foundation of American history awaited their viewing within the gleaming white sides of the Freedom Train, America's latest, and probably greatest single effort to re-inspire its citizens in the value of democracy.

Spit-shined shoes, holsters, cap brims and the buttons on new spic-span blues gleamed inside the especially converted Pullman cars as an honor guard of 24 hand-picked Marines awaited the opening fanfare.

The date was September 17, 1947 — the place Philadelphia. But before the train exhibition completes its year-long trip, it will visit

all of the 48 states, stopping at approximately 300 cities. The 33,162 miles which will be covered by the "Spirit of 1776" will be the longest train tour in American railroad history.

The Freedom Train idea didn't materialize over night. Its conception dates from the Summer of 1946. At that time the Attorney General of the United States, Tom Clark, was very much concerned with the apparent complacency of the American people about their hard-earned freedoms. Our country was standing at the cross-roads of its history. Something tangible might help remove American indifference to the responsibilities of liberty. He wanted a document exhibit which would dramatically and forcefully remind Americans of their place in the United States, and which would instill in their minds and hearts the everlasting importance of their heritage. The idea of a train carrying such valuable evidence of progress had been used originally, on a much smaller scale, when Victory Trains, op-

erated in 1945, visited 40 states of the nation.

After much discussion with organizers of the project, the Freedom Train plan became a vast national program, privately financed and governmentally sponsored. Leaders of industry, labor and civic organizations offered their backing. Plans for the train grew from one exhibit car to three, plus the three Pullmans to house the Marines. A baggage car and a Diesel engine were added. Although many minor changes were effected, the original plan for a stimulating, comprehensive year-long program of rededication to the principles of our republic did not change. The basic purpose of the trip, and community special events highlighted by the train, remained constant:

- (1) to recreate awareness of our heritage, and,
- (2) to arouse interest in safeguarding and improving the elements of American democracy.

The responsibility for the colorful train's operations fell to three men who had previously worked with the Victory Train exhibits: J. Edward Shugrue, Walter H. S. O'Brien and Alfred E. Rowe. All had been high officials of the Treasury's War Finance Division.

Most of the documents aboard the red, white and blue cars never before have been removed from their permanent places of exhibition. For the most part, custody of the papers belongs to such governmental agencies as the Library of Congress, the State Department, the National Archives and the War, Navy and Treasury Departments. Private collections, notably the Rosenbach collection of early American memorabilia, are also well represented.

One particular article which will interest most Marines is the original letter from the late Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox to General Thomas Holcomb, former Marine Corps Commandant, on the Corps' 168th anniversary. Secretary Knox declared: "The Marines launched this nation's first land offensive in the Pacific. Knowing the terrific odds, Americans everywhere awaited the outcome with hope and prayer; but Americans everywhere also knew that the Marines would conduct themselves in keeping with their traditions of glory, remaining 'Ever Faithful' even unto death itself. The Marines did not fail . . ."

Because of the documents' value, utmost security was arranged in order that they would be as safe in the cars as they were in Washington, D. C., or in their carefully maintained private collections. Sheets of steel were placed over the windows and the paint used throughout the train is flame resistant. The papers are protected against ultra-violet rays by DuPont's new Lucite cast acrylic resin.

Doors at either end of all exhibit cars are made of steel and contain safety glass windows with protection tape connected to a burglar alarm system. To

add further security, the doors and casements are fitted with special locks. In the event of fire a three-dimensional protection medium will fill the interior of the cars with carbon dioxide.

The possibility of a damaging accident is also very remote. The cars are equipped with the most up-to-date draft gears (shock absorbing mechanism) and buffer devices to absorb the maximum of operational stress. The use of Diesel power will add greatly to smooth traveling. The speed while enroute will not exceed 50 miles per hour.

In fact, only one "precaution" was rejected. A proposal to guard the cases against damage by water by sealing them brought a firm "no" from the experts. The reason given for this was that mold would develop on the precious pieces of paper.

The Freedom Train will make most of its runs at night between 1:00 A.M. and 6:00 A.M. Approximately two hours is needed to set up the equipment for exhibition at each stop. This preparation includes building ramps and platform marquees as well as wiring the train for a public address and lighting system.

A curious sidelight to the Freedom Train project has been the terrific pressure exerted upon the organization by people who wished to make money on it. This was particularly true among those who viewed it as a medium for advertising.

One such dubious businessman had especially designed handkerchiefs labelled "The Constitution" and "Bill of Rights." He pointed out to one of the staff members that hankies could easily be put up for sale aboard the train. His slogan was: "Every time you blow your nose, why not blow it into the Constitution or Bill of Rights?" He was thrown out of the place.

So many attempts were made to make a novelty mart out of the train that a special guard was assigned to keep opportunists away.

Most of the documentary cargo represents the 18th and 19th Centuries. The 18th Century has been called the "Age of Reason." It stands in strange contrast to the present. With talk of totalitarianism spreading throughout the world, all Americans would do well to stop by the train and take a look at the documents which, if upheld, will help to protect them from tyranny.

Thomas Jefferson once said, "Good, bad, or indifferent, you have been in it. You belong. Some part of the stuff set down on these papers was for you. And ever will be."

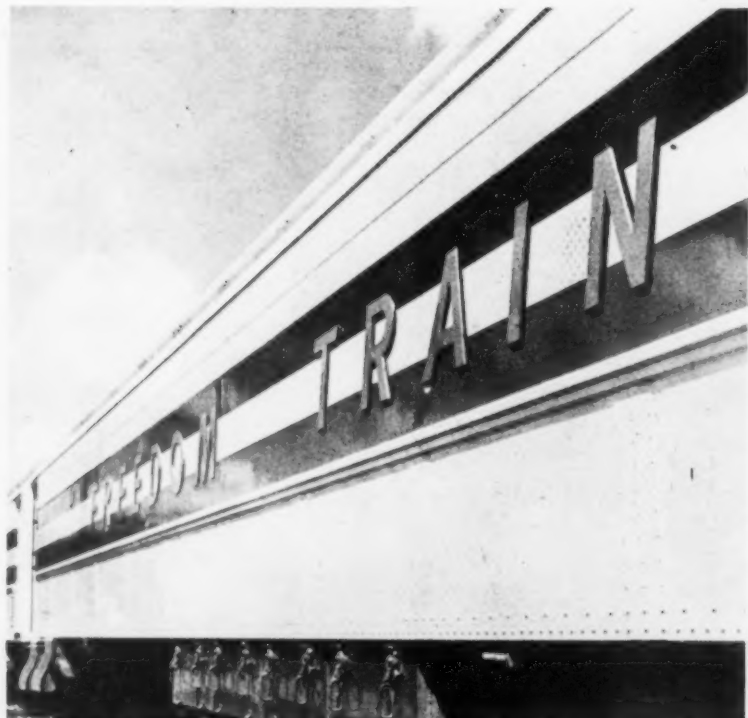
Freedom is not one man's job alone, it is everybody's.

Photos by Sgt. Jack Slockbower

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



One of the moderns aboard the train is President Truman's proclamation declaring the Philippines an independent state



Gold letters attached to the sides of exhibit cars identify the train for the countryside as it travels to its next stop



The Bill of Rights, Thomas Paine's Common Sense, and the USS Constitution's Logbook, are some of the early memorabilia



Sergeant William J. Kuhn, Olean, N.Y., stands guard by two flags which played a major part in Marine Corps history: the Mt. Suribachi flag, and

Commodore Perry's original 31-star flag carried ashore by Marines at Japan, in 1854, when they opened the trade route to that country

FREEDOM TRAIN (cont.)



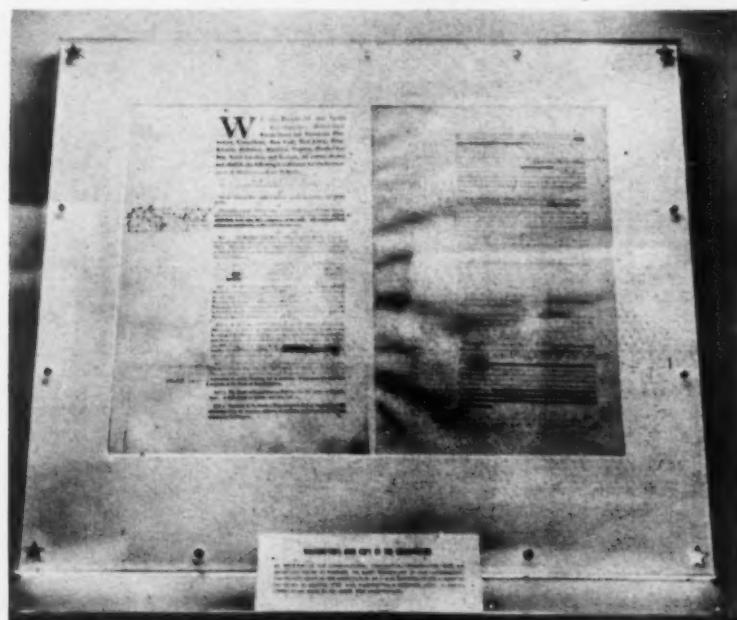
Many precautions had to be taken before America's most priceless documents could leave the nation's capital



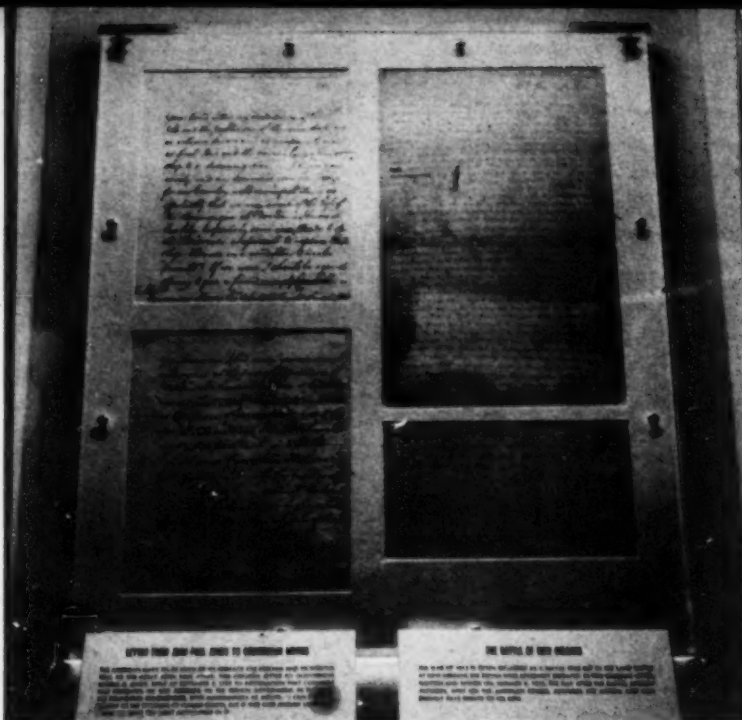
The indirect lighting system, and bays jutting out from the walls add to the splendor of the glass encased documents. The Marine guards have the task of explaining them



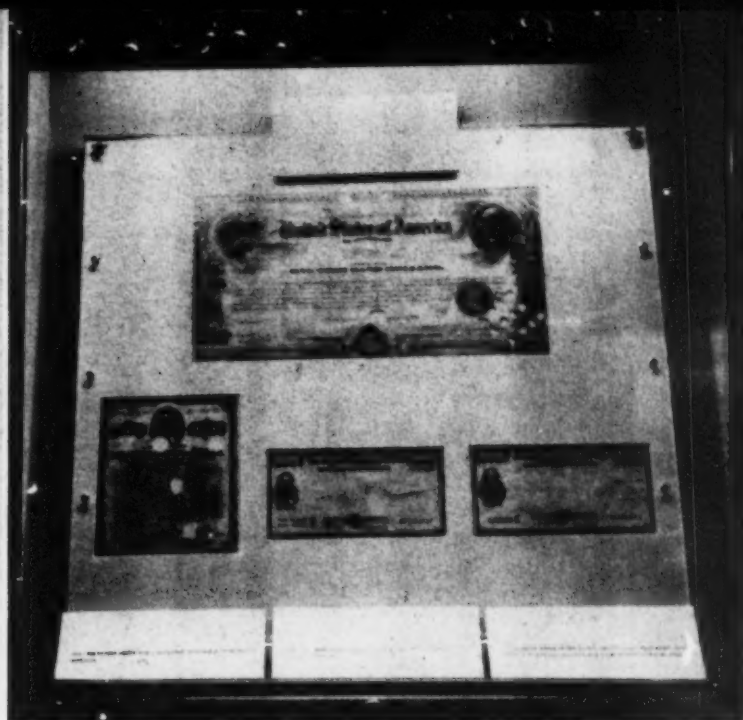
Adding a historical touch to the old documents is Abraham Lincoln's original Gettysburg Address in his own handwriting



George Washington had his personal copy of the Constitution when it was drafted. It is shown above in printed style



The penmanship of two great American military leaders, John Paul Jones and Andrew Jackson, has been preserved in military reports



Bonds dating from 1779 to 1947, symbolize the financial support of the American people for the extension and preservation of freedom



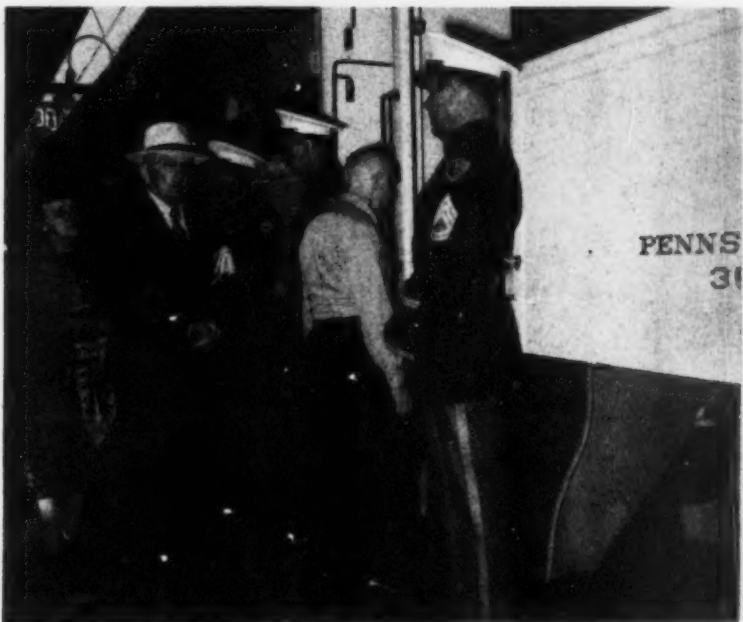
Major E. E. Schott, Detachment Executive Officer, before the symbol of the American Heritage Foundation, the sponsors of the train's tour



This scroll, signed by everyone who views the exhibit, will be placed in the Library of Congress upon completion of the nationwide tour



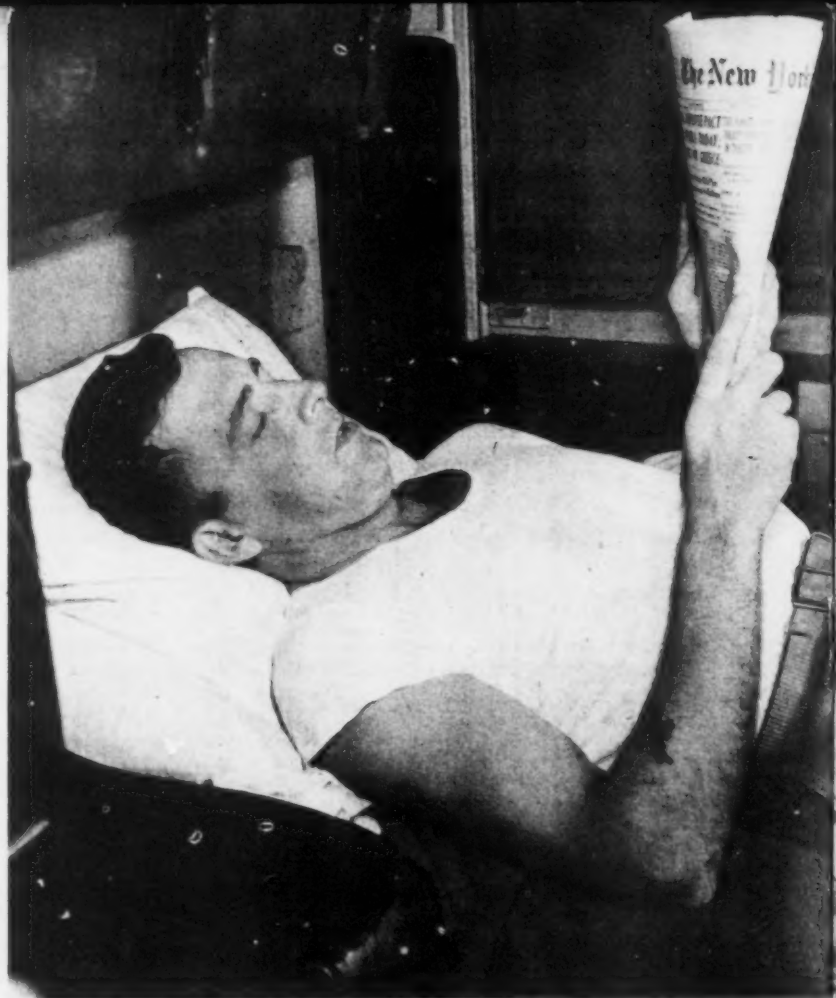
Flags and banners decorated the platform at the train's opening in Philadelphia. Ropes and guards kept the people moving at a fast clip



Regardless of the weather, Marine Guards wear full dress blues while standing watch. The Foundation pays for their cleaning and pressing



All cars are connected by telephones to insure the safety of the documents. Corporal George D. Craig, is shown reporting



When not on duty, Tech Sergeant Francis J. Schauf, takes five and catches up on the news in his air-conditioned compartment



Sergeant Benjamin C. Belvin is shown checking the exhibit car keys with Clarence A. McDaniel, the train's sergeant major



Sergeant Luis Pacini and Corporal Ted Tinton relax during their off hours by reading in the train's recreation and lounge car



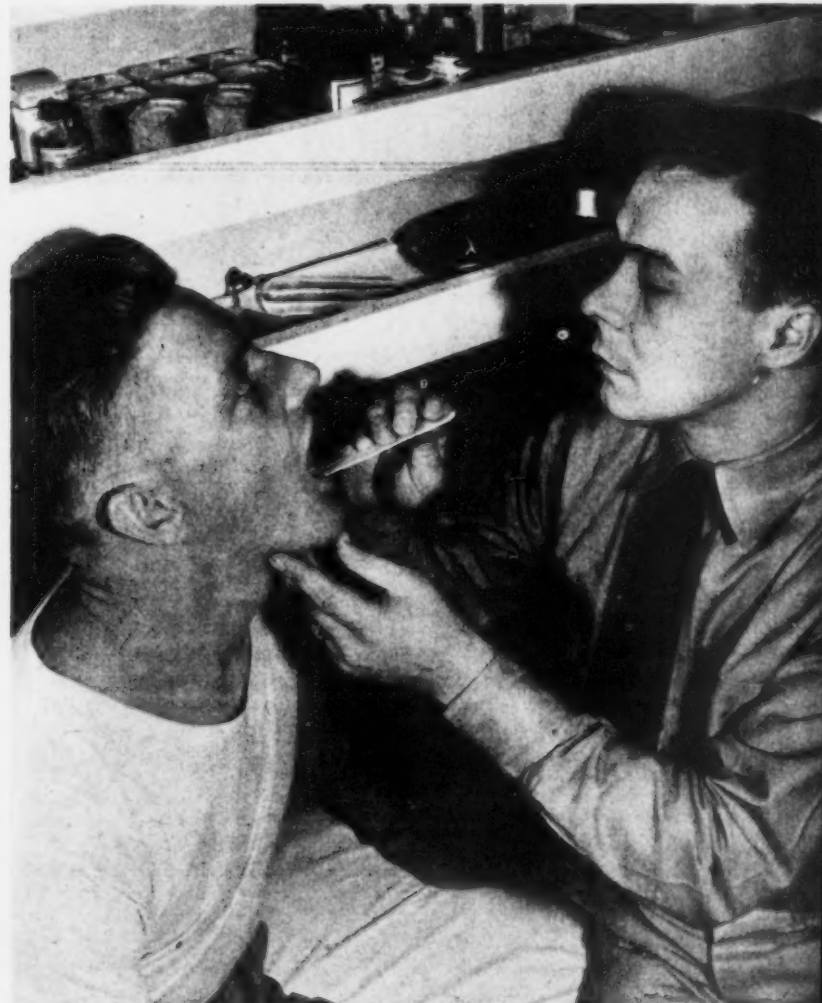
A detachment of 24 Marines, selected for an Honor Guard, is accompanying the train on its 33,162 mile, year-long tour



Future plans of the Marine Detachment serving aboard the Freedom Train are discussed by Major E. E. Schott, Captain John Skorich, and Lieutenant Colonel R. L. Scott (l. to r.)

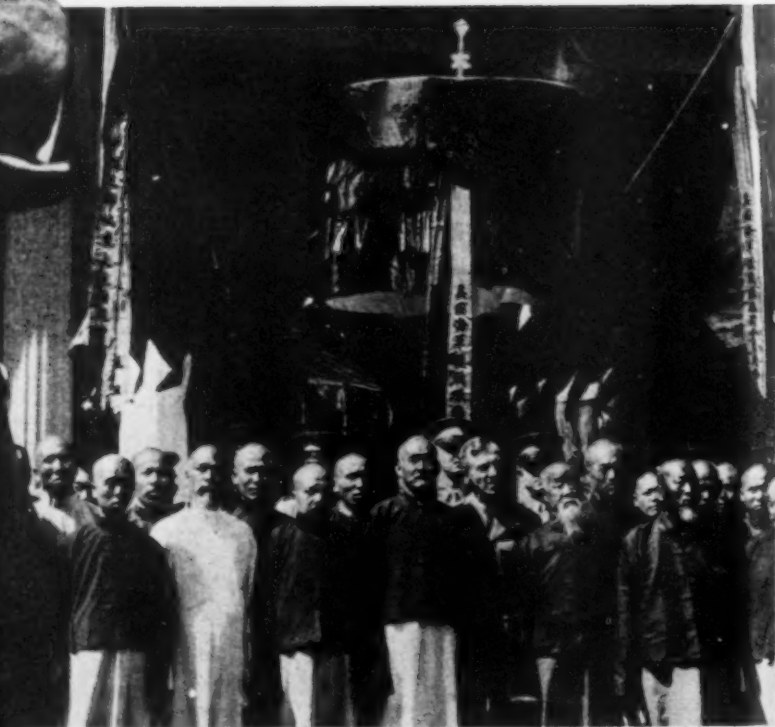


Music is played for the Marines as the train moves to the next city. Master Sergeant Clarence McDaniel spins the disc



Sergeant John Klenotiz receives a check-up from CPM Albert Poliak. The sick-bay is located in one of the compartments

“Old Gimlet Eye”



The citizens of Ta Chih Ku, China, in 1928 awarded Butler the "Umbrella of 10,000 Blessings," seldom given to Occidentals



Smedley Butler, a vitriolic and outspoken man, became a stellar figure in an era that produced many famous men in the Corps

by Sgt. Harry Poleté
Leatherneck Staff Writer

FOR many years the name of Smedley Butler has been one to associate with the fabulous Old Corps. Grizzled old timers of a few years ago never tired of regaling fuzzy-cheeked boots with factual and fanciful stories about "that time I was with Butler down in . . ." wherever it was. Most of these old timers have retired but the tales they told have lingered on to become legend.

But there was little of the legendary about the Major Smedley Butler who faced a couple of Nicaraguan generals during the banana revolution of 1910. Tale-tellers have always painted him as a cold, hard soldier with a blunt way of expressing his convictions, regardless of personal consequences or what others might think. The two generals thought the capture of Bluefields would be a cinch. They had 1500 well-armed men while the city could call on but 350 defenders. Butler and a few Marines were there, but only to protect American lives and property.

Butler sent a note to the generals before the shooting could start. He told them the Marines were neutral and didn't particularly care who occupied

the town, provided no Americans were hurt in the change of ownership. So, Butler wrote, it would be best if the attacking soldiers cached their guns outside the town before they attacked.

"In order that we may be sure that you do leave your arms," Butler continued, "I will station Marines outside the city to check all weapons."

"How can we take the town if we can't shoot?" howled the generals to the major. "Will you also disarm the revolutionists who are defending the town?"

"There is no danger of the defenders killing American citizens. They will be shooting outward," Butler replied. "But your men will be shooting toward us." The irate generals bombarded everyone of importance with petitions to have Butler and the Marines removed from the city, but to no avail. They finally gave up in disgust and moved their troops away.

Before the Marines left Bluefields, a column of shopkeepers walked into their camp waving chits by the handful. The Marines had not been bashful about making jawbone purchases in the local shops and merchants were holding some \$1600 worth of unpaid accounts signed by George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Yankee Doodle and other famous but deceased persons. Butler picked out the George

Washington's and Honest Abe's by their handwriting and made arrangements for payment. Until the bills were paid he had money subtracted from the pay of the transgressors. While he was firm he was also just in matters over which he had jurisdiction.

Smedley Butler was an outspoken, hell-for-leather Marine officer who made many mistakes. He was continually at odds with the admirals of the Navy, and on occasions with Marine Corps Headquarters and the State Department. In a good many ways he could be compared to two Army firebrands, the late Generals Billy Mitchell and George S. Patton. Butler's enemies accused him of habitually speaking out of turn. His friends hailed him as a fearless vendor of the truth.

One of Butler's first examples of undiplomatic speaking came early in life, while he was still in school. His elocution teacher had decided he would make an excellent speaker, if given a little coaching, so he was required to memorize one of William

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE
CORPS PHOTOS



Second Lieutenant Butler, standing third on right, once tried to pull his rank on Colonel Robert Huntington, seated center, who he thought

to be an insolent enlisted man. This is a picture of the officers in the First Battalion of Marines, taken at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1899

OLD GIMLET EYE (cont.)



**Only two Marines
were twice awarded the Navy
Medal of Honor —
Smedley Butler was one**

Cullen Bryant's flowery orations, complete with all the gestures. Butler did not approve of the Bryant subject. He decided that if any honor were to be won in the school's annual oratorical contest, something more exciting would have to be used. A more logical selection, he thought, was Mark Twain's "Storm on the Erie Canal." He spent much time memorizing it and perfecting the proper gestures.

The contest night was a gala affair at the school. The teacher, who had repeatedly assured Butler of success, sat in the front row eagerly awaiting the

moment his protege would mount the platform. "I was convinced that I would win, too," Butler later remarked, "but not with the help of William Cullen Bryant."

Smedley's turn came at last. He drew himself up and launched into the "Storm on the Erie Canal," with all the fervor he could muster. The venerable old professor leaned forward in his seat, horrified. The students clapped their hands and stomped the floor in appreciation of the effort. But Smedley did not even get honorable mention on the prize list.

Butler got his first introduction to the Marine Corps at the age of 16, during the Spanish-American War. He had been rejected by both the Army and Navy because of his youth. In his desperation to get into the war he told his mother he would run away if she did not allow him to join the Marines. He got her consent, gave his age as 18, and was assigned to officer training at the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C.

All instructions there were under Sergeant Major Hayes, who had fought with Kitchener in the Sudan as a member of a Scottish regiment. Following his discharge from the British Army he had come to America and joined the Marines.

Until the Spanish-American war, 2000 officers and men constituted the Marine Corps. Hayes was the only sergeant major. He was well along in years but still every inch a soldier. It was the influence of this old Marine that formed a lasting impression of the Corps on young Butler.

Hayes' principle duty was the training of young officers. He never forgot the difference in rank between his charges and himself. When they stood to recite a lesson in class he also stood, remembering that an enlisted man never sits while an officer stands. The six weeks training at the Marine Barracks convinced Butler he would always be a Marine. He was never happy out of the Corps after that.

At the completion of this training, Butler and two other second lieutenants were ordered to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, for action in the war. They arrived a few days later with orders to report to Colonel Robert W. Huntington, commander of all Marines in Cuba.

The three put on their nattiest dress uniforms, much to the amusement of dirty and campaign-hardened men working on the beach, and set out to

locate their new commanding officer. The long walk to the command post, the heat and dust, soon wilted both the enthusiasm and the uniforms. By the time they got to Col. Huntington's headquarters they looked more comical than natty.

"Can you tell me where I'll find Colonel Huntington," Butler asked one very bow-legged, white-bearded Marine sitting on a camp stool in the midst of a makeshift camp. Bow-legs cocked his head to one side and asked what they wanted with the colonel.

"We are under orders to report to him," the three lieutenants chorused.

"Going to help us win the war, are you," Bow-legs laughed.

"This is no time for joking," Butler said sharply. "We have our orders and you will do well to point him out to us."

Another of the men sitting around burst into a convulsion of laughter and fell backwards off his cracker-box chair. Pete Wynn, one of the lieutenants, always belligerent, could restrain himself no longer. "Cut that out," he bellowed. "Don't you know enough to stand in the presence of officers?"

This brought shrieks of laughter. The lieutenants were white with rage.

"I shall report you to the colonel," Wynn roared.

At that moment a private came up, snapped a salute and addressed the bow-legged man as "Colonel." It was not until then that Butler realized he had reprimanded Col. Huntington.

That night Butler was assigned his first job — picket duty, in charge of 30 men. Perhaps he drew this mission on his first night only because there was a shortage of officers, or perhaps it was a punishment for his failing to recognize his commanding officer. At any rate it was a terrible night, a night of terror and bewilderment never again equalled in Butler's long career as a fighting man.

When Butler's Marines reached their picket posts they made ready for the night without waiting for any orders from their lieutenant. He would not have known what orders to have given them. An old sergeant, who had 20 years' service behind him, made it his job to see that the men carried out their duties. He gave no thought to what the President of the United States might have had in mind in sending along this young officer.

Butler was impressed, and more than ever deter-



Two of the best known Marines of their time, Major General Commandant John A. Lejeune, left, and Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, posed

for this picture at the intersection of Broadway and Potomac avenues during the commandant's inspection of Quantico, sometime in the 1920's

mined to make a real Marine out of himself. After the war, at Cavite, this determination led him to indulge in the more painful part of a "recruit special." He was tattooed. A Japanese tattoo artist turned up, hustling for business. He was able to convince a lot of people that life wasn't complete without a sample of his craftsmanship. When Colonel George F. Elliott and Colonel Robert L. Meade had themselves tattooed, Butler was sure this was one of the things necessary to becoming a real Marine. The process took several sittings and hurt like the devil, but he blazed forth triumphantly with an emblem that covered his chest from throat to waist. Then he came down with a raging fever as a result of the operation.

The Boxer Rebellion furnished the Marines and Butler with their first real introduction to the "Flowery Kingdom." On June 19, 1900, Marines, commanded by Major W. T. Waller, landed in China and immediately commandeered a train to make the 25-mile trip to Tientsin, where a force of 1700 allied soldiers and civilians were desperately defending the International Settlement against a horde of 50,000 screaming, fanatical Chinese Boxers. That afternoon the travelers were joined by a column of Russian soldiers, bound for the same destination. Soon afterwards the train was abandoned. The Boxers had blown up one of the large railroad bridges.

They proceeded on foot and at daybreak the column, with the Russians in front, approached a gray mud village, lying peacefully in the morning haze. Without warning the Chinese opened fire. They dug in, but soon the Russians, who had borne the brunt of the sudden attack, had enough. They began filtering back through the Marine lines, running as fast as their boots would carry them. Left alone, the Marines decided they were no match for a whole Chinese army.

As they began their retreat Butler asked his first sergeant to make a check on the men. Private Carter was missing. Lieutenants Butler, Harding and four enlisted men immediately started back to look for him. They found him lying in a small mud puddle, writhing in pain. He was in such agony that he begged to be left alone to die.

The Chinese had emerged from their trenches and were harassing the rescue party at every turn. Four of the Marines, including Butler, picked up Carter and started to the rear while the two remaining Marines picked off any Chinese who got too careless.

Late that afternoon they caught up with the main body of troops. Butler and the men thought they could not go farther. Everyone was exhausted. Something was needed to bolster their spirits. It was provided by an old non-com. He was walking beside Butler when the sharp crack of a rifle rang out. A stream of blood flowed down the sergeant's face. Without a sound, or a word of complaint, he reached up and pulled his hat over the wound without missing a step. The amazing courage of men like this did more to swing the Marines into stride than any talk of heroics. It was an invaluable lesson to Butler, one which he never forgot.

For the rescue of Carter, all four of the enlisted men were awarded the Medal of Honor. Butler and Harding were advanced two numbers on the promotion list and breveted to captain for gallantry in action. The Medal of Honor during this time was only for enlisted men.

A few days later the Marines and Russians joined a much larger group of allied soldiers and forced their way on to Tientsin. In the battle for that city Butler was wounded in the hip while braving a storm of fire to aid in the rescue of a Marine private. He was ordered to the hospital over his stormy protests that he was still able to carry on with his company. The rest of the battle he had to learn about from friends, who also informed him of the coming march against the city of Peking.

He was determined, by fair means or foul, to be



To shame those men who fell out of column on a long hike, Butler, then almost 50-years-old, took a rifle and pack from one of the stragglers and finished the march far out in front



On leave from the Marine Corps 1924-26, he was Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia

His Quantico athletic teams

at the head of his company when they reached the "Forbidden City." And he was on hand for the long hard trek to Peking. Soon after it had begun he realized how foolhardy it was for a wounded man to try to keep up with a marching column. His wound was not sufficiently healed. It pained him continually. Butler swore he would quit soldiering, just as soon as he could get back home. The rest of the Marines expressed similar feelings and filled the air with their oaths.

The company Butler commanded was a good one, according to his own statement. Half of it was made up of old men with many years of service behind them, the other half of youngsters like himself. The veteran campaigners took care of the boots and made sure they learned the tricks of the trade. Everyone got drunk on pay day and caused him no end of trouble. Perhaps he was thinking of these days when in later years he said: "If I want a fighting man I'll go to the brig — you'll find plenty of them there."

At last the allied forces stood before the walls of Peking. The battle to capture it was short but fierce. Butler and his men found a hole in one of the walls and started pouring through. They were almost all inside the city when Butler was knocked to the ground, out cold. A bullet had struck one of the buttons on his blouse and gouged a furrow in the eagle tattooed on his chest. It was not serious and he was back in action after a dressing had been applied to the wound.

The allies soon routed the Boxers, who fled the city. It has often been claimed that this fight broke the back of the Boxer Rebellion. The American Legation was comparatively safe again and most of the Marines went back to the Philippines.

Butler returned to the United States where he remained until two years later when trouble began brewing in Panama. One battalion of Marines had

already been dispatched to the troubled spot. Two other battalions went to Culebra where they would be within easy sailing distance should their assistance be required. Butler was with one of these.

Culebra brought the young officer into his first clash with the Navy and the fight continued throughout his career. During the wait the Marines were put to work in the building of a naval base in the malaria-infested country and an admiral decided a number of coastal guns had to be installed. He refused to allow the Marines to stop their regular work and insisted that they had plenty of spare time in which to set up the guns.

Malaria and other forms of sickness began to take their toll. When progress lagged the admiral accused the Marines of laziness and promised to send some sailors ashore to show them how guns should be set up. One hundred and twenty-five swabbies came ashore for the demonstration. Faced with a contest, the Marines sent Butler's company into the fray — 60 men against 125. When the Marines won, the admiral punished the sailors and ordered still more work for the Marines.

At this point Butler took a high-handed step. He wrote his father, then chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee in Congress and thereby won a better deal for the Marines. But he made the list, as far as the Navy was concerned, and stayed there.

Some years later, after another tour of duty in the Philippines, he returned to the United States and was granted a nine-month sick leave. He took a job managing a coal mine in West Virginia, and though he had never seen a coal mine, it was not long until he had the place on a paying basis for the first time in a number of years. But it cost him several broken ribs and severe cuts and bruises as the result of a number of accidents at the mine. He was carried

home covered with blood so often that his wife told him he might just as well go back to the wars. He went back to the Corps.

In 1914, when the United States was having trouble with the revolutionary government of Mexico, Butler was detailed by Admiral Friday Fletcher to enter Mexico as a spy. To do this more completely he disappeared from his ship one night. No one but Adm. Fletcher knew his whereabouts. For two months he was carried on the rolls of the ship as a deserter.

He went into Mexico posing as a private detective from the United States seeking a condemned murderer who had escaped prison in the United States. In this capacity he had the cooperation of the Mexican secret police while he ascertained the strength of the Mexican capital and surrounding forts. The admiral needed this information in case it became necessary to send an expeditionary force to Mexico City.

It was not until he was returning to his ship that the Mexican police discovered who he was. For weeks he had used every trick he knew to keep his identity a secret. He had lived in constant dread that somehow his shirt might be torn and reveal the huge Marine Corps emblem tattooed on his chest. It was carelessness, and relief in being so near his journey's end, that finally tripped him.

When the Mexican police went to search him on the docks he broke away and ran to the beach. He just missed getting aboard a launch full of American sailors from his ship as it pulled away from the wharf. He was cornered by the Mexicans. But the sailors put back into shore and got Butler away from the Mexicans through sheer bluff.

Later, in Vera Cruz, Mexico, Butler took his famous walk down the middle of the street, armed



Major General Smedley Butler was respected by Marines everywhere, not so much for his accomplishments, but for his rugged individuality in

defense of what he considered right. This desk was presented to him by the officers and men at Quantico a short time before he retired

ms gained national recognition

with nothing but a swagger stick. He was able to point out snipers to his men on either side of the road. The fact that the Mexicans were trying desperately to bring him down never seemed to enter his mind.

For his actions in Mexico, Butler was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Congress by this time had authorized it for officers. Butler promptly sent it back with a reply that he had done nothing to merit such a high award. The matter was referred to Adm. Fletcher who insisted that Butler's actions certainly did rate the award. The Navy Department then returned the medal with specific orders that he not only keep it, but that he wear it.

Until 1915, when the Marines came to Haiti, a president of the little "Black Republic" could not hold office very long. From 1911 until 1915 there were seven presidents, most of whom were removed from office by violence. Philippe Dartiguenave was the first to serve the full seven-year term. He had to have the help of Butler's Marines to accomplish this feat.

One night in Haiti, while the Marines were eating supper, an outpost sentinel rushed in to report the Caco bandits were burning the railroad. Butler ran downstairs, where he found most of the men in their skivvies, and yelled, "who wants to fight." He got an instant response. Every man grabbed his rifle and ammunition and ran into the brush looking for the Cacos. No one bothered to dress.

It was one of the funniest fights Butler had ever seen. The Marines bayed like bloodhounds as they beat the brush. It was quite a shock to the Cacos. They had expected the Marines to get dressed and hold a war council, formal like, before attacking.

The Cacos were using a fort called Capois as a retreat after their raids. Capois was located in the heart of a mountainous section and was reputedly impregnable. In fact, many of the Marine officers estimated it would take 3000 men to find and destroy it. Butler made himself unpopular by pooh-poohing this viewpoint. He said he could find the fort with 27 men.

He took 27 men, a dozen pack mules and one machine gun, and set out to prove his point. Dan Daly was along as first sergeant. Daly had won a Congressional Medal of Honor during the Boxer Rebellion.

The Marines searched for three days in a vain attempt to find the Caco fort. In desperation they hired a native to guide them, even at the risk of being led into an ambush. This is just what happened. The native was one of the Cacos, sent out for the express purpose of landing the Marines into a well prepared trap.

The Cacos caught the Marines in a crossfire while they were attempting to cross a treacherous mountain stream. It was only the inaccuracy of the Haitian fire that enabled the Marines to ford the stream without casualties. When they reached a level spot on the other side Butler ordered a defense set up for the night. He asked Daly to see that the machine gun was properly placed. Daly reported that it had been lost in the river crossing.

Then, without a word, the first sergeant turned and disappeared from the temporary defense position. He went back to the river, found the gun and ran a veritable gauntlet of knife-wielding Cacos to bring it back. That night the machine gun saved the Marines from complete annihilation. The Cacos had worked themselves into a frenzy. They blew incessantly on their conch horns, screamed and yelled blood curdling oaths, liberally sprinkled with threats of what they would do to the Marines once they captured them.

By daylight the Marines were angry. With Butler leading, they charged with blood curdling yells of their own, and those natives who valued their hides fled in terror. The harder fell before the Marine attack. Fort Capois was taken.

Soon after Butler turned his attention to the last stronghold of the Cacos in Haiti—Fort Riviere. This, too, was considered impregnable. It was the headquarters of the Caco leaders. For this job Butler decided he would need four companies of 25 men each. The companies were divided and ordered to approach the fort from three sides.

All but those in the company with Butler were stopped by sheer walls. Butler found a hole in his side of the wall. Through it the Cacos were pouring heavy fire. Butler realized it was his duty to lead

the men through this opening, but it seemed like certain death. He hesitated and Sergeant Ross Iams leaped forward. He said, "Oh, hell, I'm going through," and suited action to his words. Butler recovered himself and started in after Iams, but he was shoved aside by Private Samuel Gross, the second man through.

By this time Butler was furious at the thought he had let any of his men take a risk he had hesitated to lead them into. He went through the wall and found that the three of them were faced by 60 to 70 half-naked madmen, who in their panic had discarded their rifles and were using the primitive swords and spears of their fathers. The three Marines worked like mad men, bayoneting and shooting Cacos as fast as they could work their rifles.

Other Marines came popping through the wall and the fight was soon over. The untrained natives were no match for a trained and organized group of modern soldiers. All of the Caco leaders were killed, and the back of the Caco revolution was broken.

For their conduct in this skirmish, Iams, Gross and Butler were all awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. It was Butler's second, and there is no record that he had to be ordered to wear this one.

Now Haiti disbanded its army of 300 generals and 1000 privates. In its place a constabulary, with Marine officers and selected enlisted men as leaders, was organized. Butler, then a major in the Marine Corps, was made a major general in the constabulary and thus became the first commandant of the Garde d'Haiti. He held this post until 1918.

WHEN the first World War came along he was most anxious to be in the first group sent overseas. It was a great disappointment when he was ordered to Quantico and placed in a training section.

During this time he managed to acquire a few more enemies by vehemently protesting a suggestion that the Commandant be elevated to the rank of lieutenant general. Many of the Corps' high officers never forgave Butler for this attitude. Butler could not understand why such a change should be made when soldiers in the front lines were not also being boosted, too.

Butler was finally ordered overseas. After his promotion to brigadier general he was assigned to command Camp Pontanezen at Brest, France. This was located on the seacoast, just as far away from the front as it was possible to get in France. For 20 years he had worked hard to prepare for the big war he felt would come in his lifetime. It was heart-breaking not to be assigned to the front lines.

The camp at Brest was a lemon and a pest hole. When Butler took over he found conditions that would have caused a national scandal had they become known back home. He swore to make it the best camp in all of France.

One day he decided that the camp should have duckboards to prevent the sick men from having to walk in the mud. He took 7000 men to the docks to carry back all he needed. On the return march he passed a soldier who had stopped under a bridge, his duckboard leaning against a pillar. "What's the matter, soldier, can't you carry your duckboard?" Butler inquired.

The soldier didn't recognize the general in the dark and replied, "I'm no dam pack mule. I enlisted to fight, not to carry chicken coops. I'm damned if I'm going to, either."

"You're perfectly right," Butler replied, "it's an outrage to make you do this. How old are you?"

It turned out that he was a Michigan boy who was 21 years old and weighed 190 pounds.

"Well, I'm 40 and weigh only 140, but I'll give you a hand," Butler said.

The general shouldered the duckboard and started down the muddy road. Looking back he saw the soldier still standing under the bridge. Butler asked, "You enlisted to march, didn't you? I agree that you are a free American, as you say, but I hope it's not unreasonable to expect you to walk. Soldiers do, you know."

Still in the dark as to who Butler was, the soldier fell into step beside him and started up a hill. When they reached the top a group of men coming down recognized the figure with the duckboard. They guyed the devil out of the now embarrassed soldier for letting a general carry his load. He all but got on his knees and begged the general to return the duckboard to him.

Later in the day, Butler was passing a washroom when he heard a group of men discussing the duckboard incident. He heard one say, "I'll be damned if any shrimp of a general is going to carry more duckboards than me." It was through incidents like this one that he was able to get these men to complete impossible tasks.

In 1924 Butler was granted a leave of absence to accept a job as Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia. It was not a job he wanted, but the mayor of that city had convinced him that only a man of his caliber and training could rid the city of its crime element. Butler decided to accept the position.

His determined drive against them during the first month sent crooks and gamblers out of the city en masse. Marine Corps methods were getting such drastic results that the local politicians began to howl for Butler's dismissal. He probably would have been fired during the first year if public opinion had not blocked every effort to remove him. At the end of his second year President Coolidge refused to approve any extension to his leave of absence. This left Butler the choice of resigning his commission or returning to the Marine Corps. He could not bear thoughts of resigning and decided to leave Philadelphia. He had made such remarkable progress in cleaning up the city that he was sure others could carry the job through to completion.

When trouble flared anew in China he was sent out as commander of Marines stationed there. After 27 years' absence he returned to scenes he had known as a 19-year-old lieutenant. The situation in China was much like it is today. There was revolution. Many of the leaders of that time are still the driving power on both sides of the current strife.

Butler kept the Marines strictly neutral. He put them to work bucking their gear and polishing up their parade ground performance. One old Marine complained that Butler had them pressing their shoe laces before they fell out for inspection. This detail of men became one of the finest groups in the Corps.

On two different occasions the grateful Chinese presented Butler with their "Umbrella of 10,000 Blessings." It was an honor reserved for only the greatest of public benefactors. Up to that time Butler was believed to be the only foreigner ever to receive one of these umbrellas, much less two.

When Butler came back to Quantico in 1929 he was promoted to major general. He was only 48, the youngest major general ever to have served with the Corps.

It was here that he really earned his nickname "Old Gimlet Eye." He became a spit-and-polish general. Reviewing a regimental parade one day when the Secretary of Navy was visiting Quantico, Butler let his enthusiasm go by asking the Secretary if he didn't think the Marines were well-drilled. The Secretary replied he had seen the Cadets at West Point do better. Gen. Butler blew his top. He said that before he was through the Marines would make the Cadets look like a bunch of Boy Scouts.

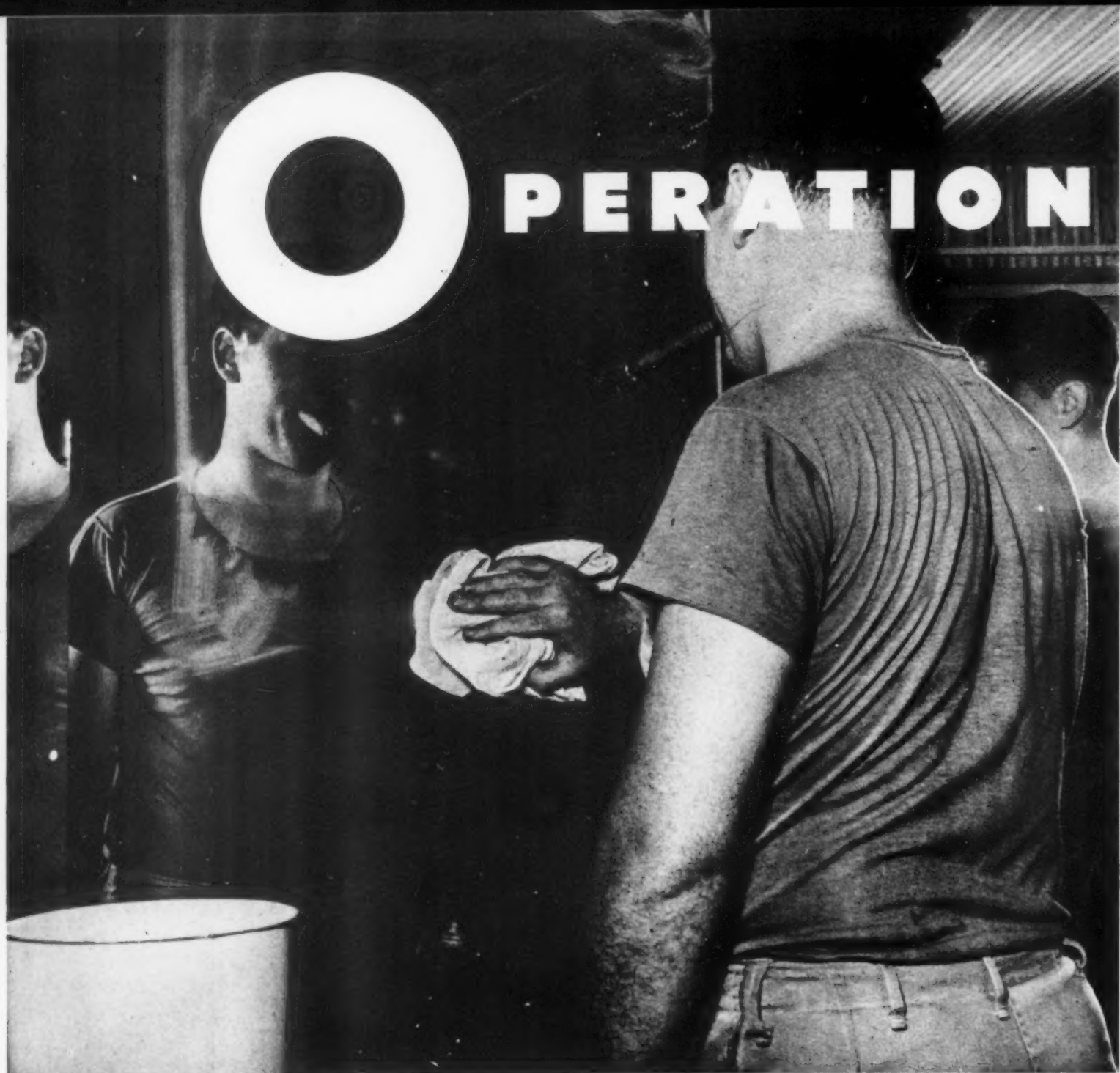
Quantico became famed for its precision drills and spotless inspections. His football, baseball and basketball teams were the best. They competed with some of the top-notch teams on the east coast. Quantico and the larger college teams were spoken of in the same breath.

But his magnificent work at Quantico was interrupted by an incident that overshadowed his whole career. Gen. Butler had been Mussolini's guest in Italy and while there he had been shown Il Duce's growing military power. He disliked the Italian leader's arrogance and policies and when he returned to this country he sharply criticized him. This so greatly embarrassed the State Department that the general was ordered tried by general court-martial. He was the first general officer to have been placed under arrest since the Civil War.

The case never came to trial and the general was reinstated to his former rank and all its attendant privileges. But this was the climaxing event in his career. He had made up his mind to retire and he did so on October 1, 1931.

After his retirement he became still more vitriolic against the Navy's admirals, and sharply criticized the Navy's administration of the Marine Corps. He urged that Marines be separated and put under their own leaders. In several books and magazine articles he condemned Marine intervention in the affairs of China. He constantly preached against war.

General Butler died at the Philadelphia Navy Hospital on June 21, 1940. He was 58 years old. **END**



by PFC Michel Gould, Jr.

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Former Marines use Corps tactics in this

prospering, new "Field Day" business

THE scene is Saipan. The time is the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-four. There is considerable noise offstage, the boom of guns and the crackle of rifle fire. One lone individual, Marine Lieutenant Frank Loughney, sits on the edge of a foxhole, frantically tearing open one letter after another. They are all from his wife and none of them are cheerful. Mrs. Loughney has been having a tough time with the spring housecleaning. Not only are her letters short and late, but petulant and full of complaints like, "Oh, my aching back." Suddenly the lieutenant stops reading, looks up with a bright smile showing through his beard, and exclaims:

"I've got it. When the war is over I'll start a house cleaning service to help tired housewives, and wealthy ones. For money."

More than one postwar idea was born in the heat of battle, or in the between-fights doldrums. A lot haven't clicked. But Loughney is shaking the dust from many a Philadelphia home, and liking it. He calls his outfit the A To C House Cleaning Service.

A to C stands for "attic to cellar." At first his men were all former Marines, individuals picked because they knew one end of a mop from the other through long association with swabs. Now, as his business expands, he is taking in former Army and Navy men, too.

The basic idea is this: When a Philadelphian wants his house cleaned without moving a muscle in that direction, he merely has to give A To C a jingle over the Bell system. Loughney gets some of the particulars, such as the number of rooms to be taken, the extent of the cleaning, and the street address. Armed with this information he organizes a squad and early on the appointed day moves out to establish his beachhead.

The very first objective is the removal of all occupants. They sometimes try to proffer well-meaning help, which amounts to interference in the eyes of the speedy former Marines. Out they go, to a movie or an impromptu bridge game somewhere, anywhere. Then the men wade in, each with his specific task. The window expert tackles the glass. Painted-surface

and bulkhead artists begin to grind away the grime. The deck men take tests to determine the condition of the linoleum or wood, then make floors ready for cleaning with especially-designed preparations.

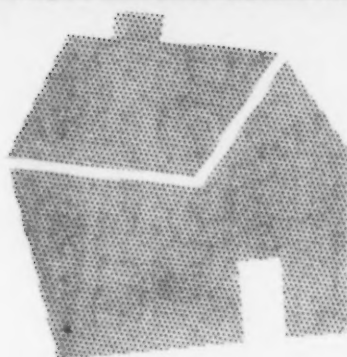
The cleaning materials are prepared for A To C by the Franklin Research Co. of Philadelphia. Floor-finishing is an exact science and Loughney's technicians have been collecting experience and data on the subject since early in 1946. Now they are so adept in this field that many of their jobs consist of floor work alone. Customers who had tried unsuccessfully to get their floors refinished before were well satisfied with the A To C results.

Everything that can get dirty, with the possible exception of the baby, is taken care of. Once, after

Photos by Sgt. Wm. Mellerup

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

MOP UP



the crew had completed a house, the owner surveyed the result and then jokingly exclaimed, "But the car—you didn't get to that!" Loughney gave the high-sign to his men and within a few seconds the automobile was swarming with cleaners. Ten minutes later an amazed customer was looking at a sparkling clean car.

The day after he was demobilized, Loughney went to work on his idea. The first step was to visit a bank to obtain a GI loan.

"Ridiculous," boomed the bank official, "It's impractical. Why don't you try something else?"

The bank refused the loan. Slightly taken aback, but by no means discouraged, Frank went to the Marine Corps rehabilitation office in Philly. There he was received with a little more enthusiasm. The office turned to and located the proper people for Frank to see. The loan couldn't be arranged, but rehabilitation assured him he would be supplied with Marine veterans to get his service in operating shape.

Frank was well taken care of at the research company. An expert was assigned to help him master the know-how that Franklin Research had been compiling for years. The company invents and manufactures waxes and cleaning preparations. Tops in its field, it has developed many outstanding products. Among them is the world's first non-slip floor wax which Loughney uses exclusively.

With two men sent from the rehabilitation office, and \$1700, Loughney took his first order. Since that day his crews have done more than 2000 jobs.

The A to C House Cleaning Service is being held back only by a lack of equipment. The painful necessity of refusing more jobs than he can accept, and turning away a jobless veteran he might well use, will continue until enough sanding, waxing and vacuuming gear is available. Loughney plans to expand as soon as he can get new gear. He is considering going into landscaping, interior decorating and house-painting as additions to his already formidable roster of services.

His troubles aren't over yet. State and federal taxes are extremely high on new businesses, making it difficult from the start. But, for the most part Frank and his wife, Rose, are well on their way to building a very promising business. Who was it that said small business is washed up in this world of big corporations and super-stores?

"Our business is washing up," chuckles Frank, "but we're making money at it!" **END**



Mrs. Loughney handles A to C business matters while Frank supervises his crews on the job



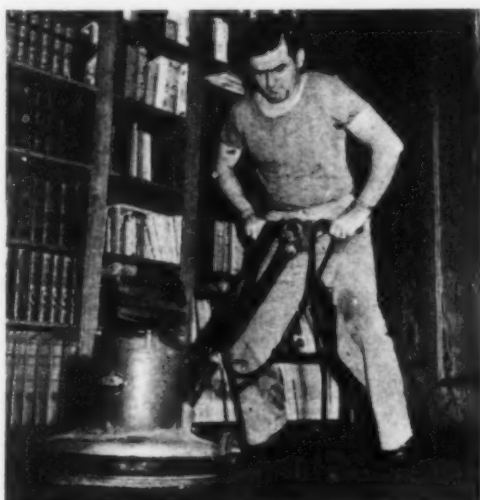
Frank Loughney makes the initial tests of the decks prior to making his guaranteed estimate



The crews employ a vacuum cleaner to pick up dirt which is usually left in small openings



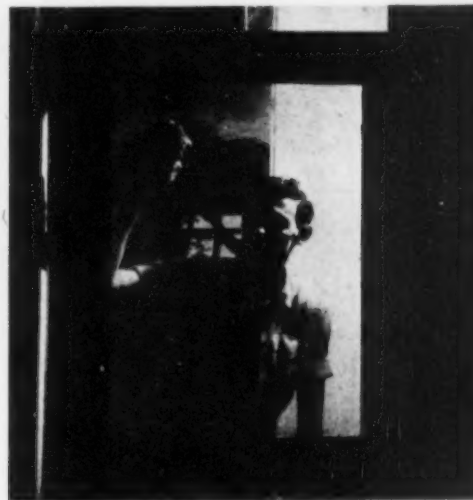
A special detergent compound enables A to C men to cleanse a room in a matter of minutes



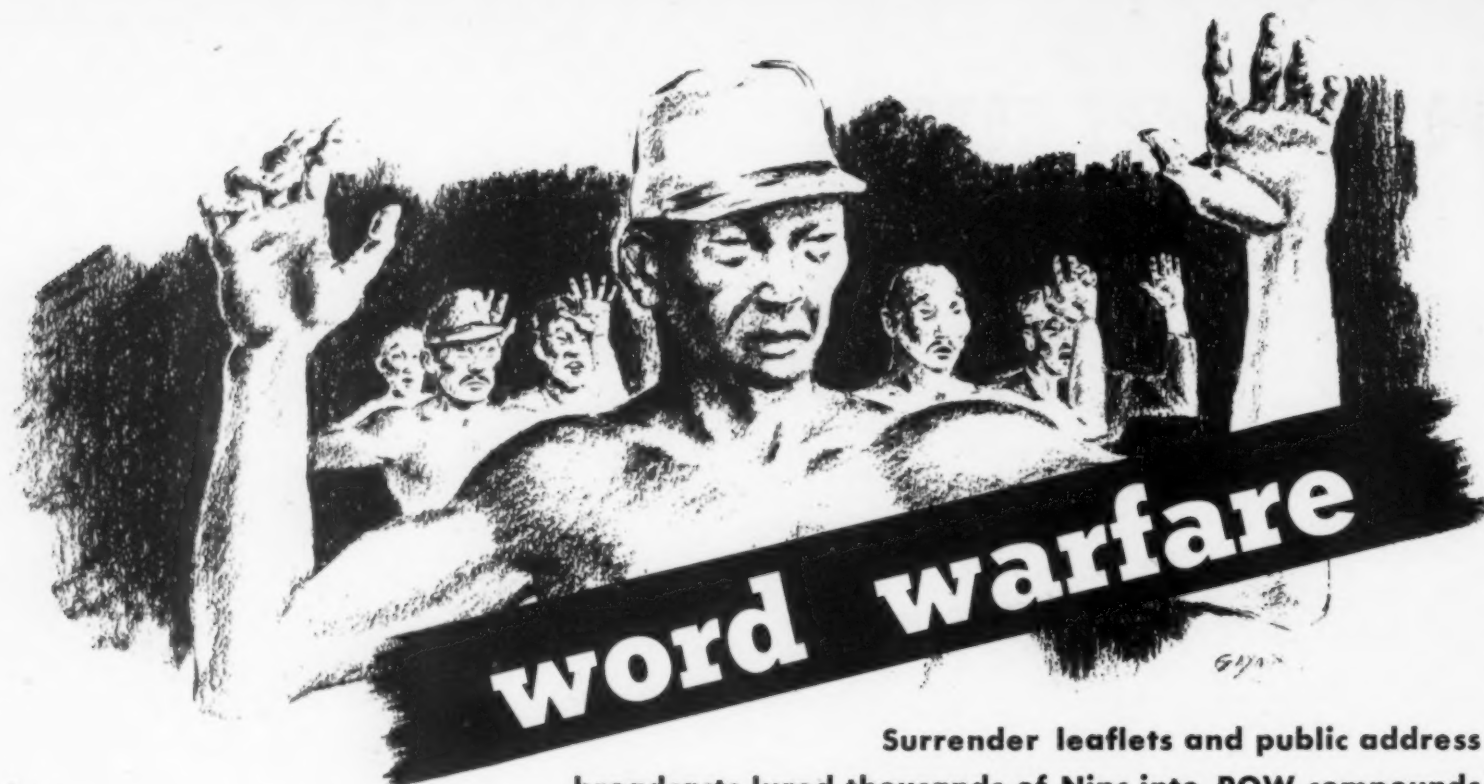
The buffer, propelled by Frank Morgan, does yeoman work as a sander, waxer, and polisher



Frank gives a valuable oriental rug a rapid hand shampoo without taking it from the home



Joe Kelly, window "artist," ends the day and "mop up" by polishing the last piece of glass



Surrender leaflets and public address broadcasts lured thousands of Nips into POW compounds

by Duane Decker and Stanley Fink

DURING the battle for Okinawa, a Nip soldier, clad only in hope and a fundoshi (athletic supporter), came racing into the Sixth Marine Division lines. The near-naked sprinter was shouting at the top of his lungs.

"Want cigarets! Food! Want a doctor!"

He received all three, and quickly. Because clutched in his hand was a surrender leaflet which one of our planes had dropped and the leaflet promised him the things he was shouting for. He was simply a man demanding his rights.

This Okinawa Jap was a far cry from the treacherous customer Marines encountered in the Guadalcanal campaign. In those days a surrender overture generally turned out to be a booby trap. As the war went on, however, and the American spearheads swung toward the heart of Nippon's empire, the Jap began to see the light. Okinawa proved that we had learned some painful lessons in the adroit handling of propaganda and that the Jap didn't like to die.

Any lingering doubt of this conclusion can be dispelled by actual figures. On Okinawa, in one day, over 2000 Jap troops surrendered without firing a shot. During the entire Guadalcanal campaign, only 358 prisoners were taken. The years between these operations were years of trial and error in the use of all propaganda mediums. The perfection of their use finally erased the mythical concept of Japan's fighting man as an automaton who was interested only in giving up his life gloriously.

In June of 1945 the Marines captured three very important prisoners. They were not high-ranking officers, but they were important to our side because they saved many American lives. The first of them was a wizened old Okinawan schoolteacher, the second was a teen-aged member of the island's Home Guard, and the third was a Jap civilian who had served two hitches as an honorable sergeant in China. The three were selected because they seemed co-operative and had an understanding of the propaganda project.

Takara, the schoolteacher, wrote pamphlets and talked into our loudspeakers. Kochi, the youngster, made his appeals to the Boeitai (Home Guard), and the ex-sergeant, Nakagawa, read the Nips off like a drill instructor. Between the three of them all sections of possible resistance were reached, and the propaganda developed was considered authentic by the listening and reading Ryukyuan population.

This concept of mental infiltration represented a high advance for our Intelligence and if it seems unimportant to you, remember that it resulted in the saving of thousands of Marines. This point is emphatically demonstrated by the fact that the Sixth Division at one time had so many Nip pris-

oners in their compound that the Marines in the area were out-numbered five to one. From April to June, 3254 military prisoners, including 41 officers, were taken by the Sixth alone. Slightly less than half of these were Jap soldiery. The remainder were Okinawan troops, stressing the fact that the inducements being aimed at the enemy were effective against all sections of resistance.

While shell-scattered leaflets and public address broadcasts from tanks and small boats are standard procedures in psychological warfare, another effective method was used on Okinawa. This was the technique of sending Jap prisoners back to their own lines, where the full effect of personal persuasion could be utilized. It would be reasonable to expect that when you sent a captured Nip back to his own lines the character would immediately and permanently scuttle away. But on Guam, only one POW failed to return after being sent out, and on Iwo they all came back.

In one incident on Iwo, a pair of prisoners were given a two-way radio and instructed to negotiate the surrender of isolated troops on the north part of the island. Part of their duty was to deliver a memorandum from Major General Erskine (Third Division) to Colonel Ikeda, leader of the Japanese troops strongly entrenched near Kitano Point. Gen. Erskine's memorandum is indicative of the kind of persuasion used on the stubborn enemy troops. It read:

"Our forces now have complete control of movement on the island of Iwo Jima, except in the small area south of Kitano Point. You have handled your troops in a superb manner and we have no desire to annihilate brave men in a hopeless situation. Accordingly, I suggest that you march through my lines to a place of safety where you and your men will be treated humanely and in accordance with the Articles of War . . ."

Gen. Erskine then went on to describe how the surrender could be effected. The two POWs went out, delivered their vocal inducements and memorandum and returned with seven Jap troops. Although Col. Ikeda did not accept the terms immediately, it was felt that the note from Gen. Erskine, delivered by hand from Ikeda's men, was largely responsible for the whopping bag of 850 prisoners who had come in by April 20th.

One of the glaring faults in our early propaganda on Guadalcanal was that we stressed the wrong things. We tried to discredit Jap leaders in the eyes of their soldiers and sell them on the idea that the whole war was engineered by a military clique, in opposition to the will of the people. This was getting into the thin, rare air of ideology and it did not score

with Nipponese troops. In addition, the phrasing was not authentic to the Japanese mind and it offered no chance for the Oriental warriors to save face.

Our intelligence section came to the Saipan operation with a considerably improved technique. Here it was recognized that surrender is only a manifestation of demoralization and for the first time special propaganda was prepared for particular groups, civilians, regular Jap troops and Koreans. Each leaflet carried a surrender ticket calling for certain benefits and labeled plainly "Life Saving Guarantee." Surrender was thus made palatable, and the reasons for it were plausible to the Japanese mind. More than 2173 military prisoners were taken on Saipan, an average of one for every 12 Nips killed.

On Tinian, thousands of the enemy had withdrawn into the heavily-forested plateau along the cliffs. These people could be reached only by voice, from the sea. Therefore an LCI was hastily equipped for broadcasting and sent cruising below the cliffs for three days. Deep water enabled it to work close to the shore line while the amplifiers boomed out surrender appeals. This maneuver, although dangerous, resulted in the capture of 4000 civilians, with slight loss to our troops.

As our psychological warfare tactics improved, the predominant use of truth became recognized by the enemy. *Asahi*, a Tokyo paper, commented that American propaganda was "extremely realistic, with an aura of truth and creditability surrounding it." Another Jap document (captured on Luzon) stated that "because the enemy is constantly planning to crumble our army by means of psychological weapons which are difficult to detect, the Jap soldier must depend wholeheartedly on his officers . . ." In the Japanese homelands, many newspapers and magazine articles testified to the increasing effectiveness of our propaganda.

Okinawa was our best testing ground for these new mental weapons. We had a good start there because the geographical location of the island convinced the Jap that he was fighting a hopeless war. He no longer felt disgraced in surrendering when those around him were giving up in great numbers. As the pressure began to clamp tighter around the Japanese national throat, our use of psychological warfare assumed great importance. By adroit use of it we robbed the enemy of his will to resist, and so rendered him impotent. The Japanese never did like to die and when we had learned their mental quirks, we were able to show them how to avoid it. In doing so, we were able to add an important weapon to our arsenal and to send many a Marine back home who might now be lying under a wooden cross somewhere in the Pacific.

END

POSTS OF THE CORPS

NEWFOUNDLAND

**A small Marine detachment manages to keep
warm on a predominantly frigid isle
which is a part of England's oldest colony**

FOR those who lean to chilling climes, the naval operating base at Argentia, Newfoundland, can be recommended as next best to the lonely Aleutians. Argentia is a little softer, not so much because of the weather as because of the superior liberty possibilities, and its proximity to New York. The trip is five hours by patrol bomber.

The bleak ruggedness of the terrain is most quickly comprehended from the air, which is the most traveled means of approach to this transoceanic wayside stop, and as your big Naval Air Transport Service plane circles for a water landing, you can pick up a lot of geographical learning on the place if you are quick of eye.

There is a lot of raw nature to be seen. Steep, sullen-looking hills run sharply down to a wriggling coast line. Through the sparsely spread dull green of scrubby perennials the barren rockiness shows in streaks and patches, and along the jagged bottoms of myriad gullies between the ridges course a hundred little streams to the sea. If the airborne newcomer has any farming background he will instantly understand how it is that Newfoundland has never figured heavily in the world's economy as an agricultural island and Great Britain's senior colony.

In our case there was a welcoming committee at the airport, among them Marines. These men were cheerful in the piercing westerly blasts that attacked our knees and ankles. There was a motive to their good spirits. It was the semi-weekly mail, carried by the plane. Eyeing the new arrival as he shivered in the Newfoundland springtime, the mail-gatherers dismissed the wind as an anemic zephyr and gave

By Sgt. L. F. Johnston, Jr.

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS



A group of Newfoundland Marines pause atop Pierce's Peak overlooking the base.

NEWFOUNDLAND (cont.)



Corporal E. A. Grygo of Erie, Pa., checks out a truckload of liberty hounds, who then make a long overland journey to St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland. Such a trip is seldom made

small comfort with their remarks about gales that can approach a hundred miles an hour in velocity.

Then, as we had secured our seabag and they their mail, we had to listen again to the old familiar gumbeating concerning the coffee that tastes of swab-squeezings, of post orders so ambiguous and double-edged that no man can possibly retain his rate, of the saddest liberty this side of Little America, and of nine men who resorted to cyanide rather than finish their tours of duty.

But this Marine was not shipped in last week, and waited to see for himself. His guess was right. At the twin two-story Marine barracks, overlooking a tablet marking the spot where Marines first came in during 1941, he found about 60 of the friendliest, zaniest Marines he has yet to discover.

They are a closely-knit crew. Behind windows that must be double-paned to beat off the region's almost perpetual winds are all the necessary accommodations—a galley, movies, a small-bore range and a light-drink room. From gunnery sergeant down through the last man out of boot camp the men are relaxed and gabby six days a week. Only on Saturday is there a change, sudden and violent. Saturday is the day for SMI. Together with some companies of the Navy, the Marine detachment forms Base Defense. This organization stands frequent inspection en masse, and the purpose of the Marines each Saturday, besides pleasing the critical eye of the naval commandant, is to impress the enlisted boys in the funnel-bottomed blues.

NOB, Newfoundland, is situated on an island just off one of the narrow tentacles extending from

an arm of land known as Avalon Peninsula. Avalon, which is in turn the easternmost extremity of Newfoundland proper, holds the site, too, of St. John's, the capital, and of famous Gander airport, hopping-off spot for U. S. commercial planes flying the route to Europe. The naval base is just offshore from the U. S. Army's Fort McAndrew. Across from the fort, on the opposite edge of the local peninsula, lies the small fishing town of Argentia, whence NOB gets its name.

The naval island and the army base comprise a tract of land embracing 3392 acres, leased to the U. S. before her entry into the war for purposes of



handling U. S. transoceanic air travel and of initiating air patrols of the sea. The Navy's chunk, 948 water-bound acres, is a flat, treeless target for the north Atlantic's fierce weather. As World War II came to know installations, it is not a large one.

The job of the Marines there is typical—guarding the gateways of the base; checking the many native civilians who draw Uncle Sam's paychecks; the enforcement of traffic regulations on the reservation,

and participation in the air and sea rescue unit maintained by the Navy. More interesting than his on-duty routine is the Newfoundland Marine's off-duty life and his relationship to the people and habits of this foreign land. For it is a foreign shore. It is not even Canada, but a separate British colony without dominion status in the Commonwealth.

It is in her location on the map that most of Newfoundland's significance lies. On a direct line by air between New York and London, Newfoundland is nearly half of the distance over. It is the oldest of the English colonies and has long served as a relay point for ships. St. John's, the main liberty objective for Argentia Marines, is the most easterly of all cities on the North American continent.

Once, in the 19th Century, Newfoundland was granted autonomy by Great Britain. But the big island was not sufficiently wealthy and not well enough equipped with the natural resources she had developed, to care for herself. She applied for and obtained inclusion again in the Empire. Since that time it has been run by a crown-appointed governor-general who is assisted by colonial officials.

Newfoundland's history is a disordered story of impoverishment and hard luck. St. John's has been destroyed by fire three times, the last in 1892. Just three years after that the island's banks failed and the hard-won savings of the frugal people were lost. The island could not rest, economically, and during this period of trouble she asked the government of Canada to take her over as a province, with the provision that the Dominion assume Newfoundland's heavy indebtedness. Canada's leaders balked at this as too high a price to pay for the addition of 42,734 square miles to the nearly limitless areas of the bigger country.

Ironically, one of the millstones around Newfoundland's neck is the icy stretch of coastline on the mainland to the north, known as Labrador. There had been a point of difference between Newfoundland and Canada as to which was deserving of natural resources rights in Labrador. Newfoundland appealed to the English Privy Council and won the decision with unqualified success. The value of the prize was estimated to be at from \$300,000,000 to \$500,000,000. Yet, still financially

Fish and game throughout a

bewildered, Newfoundland was soon to try to sell the whole take to Canada for \$30,000,000. Canada refused the offer.

Taxes in Newfoundland consequently are high. The standard of living, compared to that in the U. S., is low. The rugged climate has a great deal to do with the peoples' failure to capitalize on the tremendous stores of natural resources the island is known to have.

The people who are the constituency of the Newfoundland government are chiefly of English and Irish extraction, perhaps more English in appearance than Irish, if such a distinction can be made at all. They are sober-faced, slight-bodied but sturdy folk who have wrung their livelihood from their bleak hills and from the roaring, white-capped ocean and who have, in the neighborhood of Argentia, at least, benefitted from Uncle Sam's payroll.

The Newfoundlander's house, at least in villages about Argentia, is a snug, square building. It is invariably painted, a surprising note when one considers that his yearly income may not equal that annual figure which a Marine sergeant fritters away in his post exchange. His children, wrapped thick and clumsy against the 47th latitude temperatures, play inside neat paling fences. There is little of the glistening convenience without which the American housewife considers herself lost. You can see the Newfoundland matron on the roads—few thoroughfares in the Argentia area deserve the name "street"—walking heavily on the errands of housewifery. Her stride is tight and tensed against the cold.

With the native standard of living where it is, the Marine, to be undiplomatically frank, finds Newfoundland good duty. His pay dollar looms large and shiny in the eyes of the local citizen, who pays as much as 40 cents for American cigarets outside the government commissaries. The maidens find him pleasant, and usually generous. A number of the lassies have taken non-return passage to the



PFC Edward G. Ogrin of Cleveland, Ohio, and PFC John Hackett of the Bronx, enjoy a long, naturally cold drink at a public fountain in Placentia, a small town near the U. S. Naval Base

U.S. as the wives of American servicemen—Marines, soldiers and sailors.

If his whims are such, the Marine in Argentina may play at the role of pioneer. Three miles from his base he can find terrain that would have been the envy of Jack London. He may buy a hunting license, draw a rifle from his command, and blast away at rabbits which the shrewder, and not so affluent, natives catch more quietly and more easily with snares. The large game, caribou and bear, are inland, too far for a 72-hour pass.

In summer there is the most bizarre sport of all. Two hundred yards from their barracks, the Marines wade waist-deep into the summer waters—the reader is urged to take a firm grasp on his credulity—and slug codfish with baseball bats! In the warm months there comes to the sandy water edges of the region, a silvery fish, not unlike a healthy sardine. It is called caplin. This fish allows itself to be flung out onto the beaches to spawn, and subsequently fills the water with incredible numbers of small fry. Cod feed on these lesser fish. They roam near the shore in an effort to sweep the caplin into their maws.

Some are careless in their greed, range too far from the deep water and are caught on the crest of a roller. The roller plays into the hands of the Marine who awaits him with a club or a knife. What follows is in violation of every known fishing law, and probably would be frowned on by the Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty To Animals. But the Marine mess has many times known the taste of baked codfish, and has found it highly palatable. The cooks tell of being assigned fish that are too long for their three- and four-foot pans.

There are salmon in the Newfoundland rivers. Anglers in the American command may cast in season as these fish fight their way upstream to the fresh quiet waters where they spawn. The island has an elaborate code of hunting and fishing laws which seek to protect many valuable fish and animals against extinction. Depending as she does upon products of the seas, Newfoundland pays premium on her economic future with these limiting regulations.

Newfoundland has granted privileges, as in the

are plentiful

pleasant summertime

hunting and fishing concessions, but there is none of the immunity that was enjoyed by Marines at the old prewar China and Pacific stations. Argentina Marines do not have extraterritorial rights. American military jurisdiction extends no farther than the boundaries of the Army and Navy reservations. The line of differentiation is so marked that one gunnery sergeant of the Marine detachment is occupied solely with the maintenance of cordial legal relations between Newfoundland law and the Provost marshal. An American doer of wrong acts outside the reservation is first the responsibility of the native government. If that authority is willing, and it usually is, the man will be returned to military discipline.

The duty is not too bad. Some of the Seabees who built the causeway between the island and the mainland's trunk highway to St. John's, have remained as civilians in jobs they held while in uniform. The natives are friendly. They remember the war and the part Americans played, like the Argentina-based flier who came back from a mission against a submarine and reported "Sighted sub, sank same."

Into Placentia Bay, the entrance to Argentina's seaside, the late President Roosevelt and then Prime Minister Winston Churchill came in their respective warships for the Atlantic Charter conferences. The importance of this meeting is noted and pictured in all Chamber of Commerce reading matter on the locale as the "spot where the conference was held." The American servicemen are not quite so impressed. A pair of twin mountains, hovering over the harbor, bear a striking similarity to the female anatomy. To the servicemen, the revered spot is the hangout of "Mae West."

This levity typifies the spirit of the Argentina Marine. He has just so much time left to serve there. Things are pretty good at times, so why worry. Make the best of it!

END



Several Marines of the Argentina detachment are shown leaving the small but adequate base chapel after Sunday services. This particular day the snow didn't fall until after dinner



Three Newfoundland Marines inspect the graves of German submariners who died just off the coast. During the climactic battle of the Atlantic "Newfie" was an important convoy base



Five Marines take time out for a "bull" session around the fireplace of a cabin built for their use on hunting and fishing parties. These parties seldom come back to the base empty-handed

HARRY K. TEPKER won a \$100 Savings Bond for his illustration which took first place in the October contest. The pencil sketch of Yona Village was made while he was with the Engineers, Third Division, on Guam. Tepker was discharged from the Corps in 1946 after serving in China with the First Division.

GRAND PRIZES

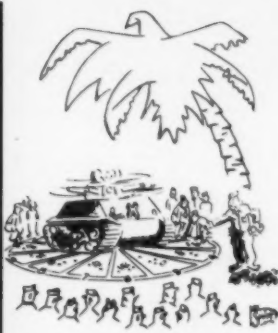
MILTON R. SMITH of Rockford, Ill., was awarded a grand prize of a \$100 Savings Bond for his cartoon entry in *Leatherneck's* 1947 contest. Smith was discharged from the Corps in September, 1946, after his return to the States with the Second Division. His eight original drawings appeared in the June issue.

LEATHERNECK CONTEST WINNERS FOR 1947





"Did you just get in or are you just getting out?"



"Armed and 'dressed' gave the chair of justice. Please your little problems, please your law."



"Respectful"



"The Comptroller here has just been transferred to the new P.T. boat dock."



"I don't care how badly you wanted the chair of justice, you should have asked me before you tried it."



"Where the hell's my navigator?"



"Foreigners did the sign over again."



"Yes -- we -- did."

INSPECTION



THE number of excellent entries made the selection of a grand prize winning story a difficult task for the judges. A final decision, however, awarded the first prize in this division to Robert J. Church, a lieutenant in the USMCR. He received a \$100 Savings Bond for his humorous short story entitled "Inspection" which was published in the October issue.



Bulletin

LEAVE REGULATIONS

Letter of Instruction No. 1504, dated 2 October, 1947, consolidates all leave regulations into one letter. Only those sections of general interest, including the discontinuance of "72's" as liberty, except as explained under "Types of Leave" (Liberty), is reprinted here. For those who desire more information Lofl 1504 should be consulted. Any regulations in conflict with these instructions are revoked. The following are excerpts from Lofl 1504:

TAKING OF LEAVE. Leave may be taken only as prescribed in these instructions on a calendar day basis, to the extent consistent with service requirements and other exigencies. Commanding officers will insure that all persons are afforded the opportunity and are encouraged to take leave annually as accruing. Commanding officers will periodically review the work load of their respective units and establish leave periods and leave quotas for persons of their command.

AUTHORITY FOR LEAVE. The Armed Forces Leave Act of 1946 (Public Law 704, 79th Congress, approved 9 August, 1946, as amended by Public Law 350, 80th Congress, approved 4 August, 1947, is the authority for the accruing and settlement of leave for the armed forces.

EARNING OF LEAVE. Each member of the Marine Corps and Marine Corps Reserve will earn leave while on active duty (exclusive of active duty for training purposes only) at the rate of 2½ days per calendar month subject to the following:

No leave will be earned during periods of absence without leave, or during periods of confinement which are the result of sentences of deck courts, summary courts-martial, or general courts-martial. Leave will not accrue in excess of 60 days and earned leave will not survive death occurring during active military service.

Leave in excess of 60 days which is dropped at the end of an accounting period (June 30) is irrevocably lost. Once dropped it cannot be compensated for in cash or bonds and cannot be taken as leave.

Persons will not be granted their unused leave prior to separation, when it is known that such separation will be under other than honorable conditions.

COMPUTATION OF LEAVE. Leave will be computed as follows:

A leave credit was computed as of 31 August, 1946, for each member of the Marine Corps on active duty on 1 September, 1946. The amount of that credit in excess of 60 days was settled for in bonds or cash. The credit of 0 to 60 days was entered in the leave record. Persons who commenced active service after 31 August, 1946, had a zero leave credit entered in their leave record at the time of entering active service.

After 31 August, 1946, leave is taken and credited on a fiscal year basis. When only a part of a fiscal year is involved, leave will be credited at the rate of 2½ days for each calendar month of active duty, and as noted in the table below for lesser portions thereof, less deductions for AWOL, etc.

In making leave deductions for AWOL, AOL and confinement, the total number of days AWOL, AOL, or confined, is deducted from the number of months and days of active duty during the accounting period. For example, an individual who was absent over leave 15 days during a fiscal year accounting period would only accrue leave on the annual accounting for 11 months and 15 days. The leave earned during 11 months and 15 days would be 29 days.

In all computations, leave will be credited for portions of a month as follows:

1 to 6 days inclusive.....	½ day leave
7 to 12 days inclusive.....	1 day leave
13 to 18 days inclusive.....	1½ days leave
19 to 24 days inclusive.....	2 days leave
25 to 31 days inclusive.....	2½ days leave

Whenever summation of total credits results in a fractional day, credit for a full day will be given.

TYPES OF LEAVE. Leave is the term used to describe authorized vacation or absence from duty, as distinguished from liberty.

Accrued leave is a term used to describe unused leave standing to an individual's credit as of the beginning of any accounting period, and cannot exceed 60 days.

Annual leave is accrued leave or advance leave taken as routine vacation from duty. Annual leave may not exceed unused leave plus 30 days advance leave, nor may it exceed periods of 60 days.

Sick and convalescent leaves are considered to be part of the periods of hospitalization and as such are not chargeable against accrued leave. The leave granted repatriated prisoners of war upon their return to the United States is considered to be convalescent leave, regardless of the name such leave was called in the authorization.

Advance leave is an accounting term used to describe leave granted in advance of accrual, or accrued but not yet credited.

Emergency leave is leave granted upon assurance that an emergency exists, and that such leave will contribute to the alleviation of the emergency. Emergency leave is chargeable against accrued leave or as advance leave, and may not exceed unused leave plus 30 days advance leave, nor may it exceed periods of 90 days.

Re-enlistment leave is granted during a term of new enlistment and is incident to re-enlistment. Re-enlistment leave must be sufficient to travel to the stated leave address and return, and is chargeable as leave.

Excess leave is that leave granted in excess of the amount of unused accrued leave plus 30 days advance leave.

Liberty is the authority to be away from a place of duty and is not chargeable as leave. It may be granted at any time for a period of 48 hours, which period may be extended to 72 hours if the 72 hour period will include a holiday proclaimed by the President or authorized by the Secretary of Navy. When either the 48 or 72 hour liberties expire after the end of regular working hours on one day and before the expiration of regular liberty on the next day, these liberties will then expire at the latter time. Liberty will not be used in conjunction with leave periods. Leave rations will not be paid to enlisted men for liberty. Liberty may be authorized for both officers and enlisted men.

PAY AND ALLOWANCES WHILE ON LEAVE. When absent on authorized leave, not in excess of the number of calendar days authorized, members will be entitled to the same pay and allowances they would receive if not on leave and to any additional allowances otherwise provided by law for members on leave.

When absent without leave or absent over leave, members will forfeit all pay and allowances during such absence, unless absence is excused and unavoidable. If such absence is excused

Board

LEAVE REGULATION (cont.)

as unavoidable by the commanding officer, such absence will be charged as leave of the appropriate type, i.e. annual or emergency leave.

It is not the Navy Department's policy to grant leave without pay.

CASH SETTLEMENTS FOR UNUSED LEAVE OF PERSONS BEING DISCHARGED. The term "discharge" as used in this paragraph means in the case of enlisted men; discharge, release from active duty, transfer or return to the retired list, or transfer or return to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve; in the case of officers and temporary officers; release from active duty, acceptance of resignation, transfer or return to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, or transfer or return to the retired list. Persons whose first day of Terminal leave would have been 1 October, 1947, or after receipt of these instructions, whichever is later, will be settled for unused leave in accordance with the following:

As of the date of discharge a lump sum settlement will be computed on the number of days of unused leave, at the rate

(base and longevity) of pay, plus allowances, which the individual is receiving on that date.

ALLOWANCES: Officers—rental and subsistence allowances. Enlisted (all grades)—seventy cents (\$0.70) per day subsistence. (Not same as leave ration \$0.80) Enlisted (first three pay grades with dependents)—one dollar and twenty-five cents (\$1.25) per day quarters.

Unused leave settled and compensated for in cash will not be considered as service for any person.

Enlisted men of the first three pay grades whose dependents are in occupancy of government quarters on date of discharge are entitled to the \$1.25 per day for quarters. Similarly an officer in occupancy of government quarters on date of discharge is entitled to rental allowances in computation of lump sum settlements.

Persons discharged under other than honorable conditions forfeit all leave standing to their credit at time of discharge and are not entitled to settlement of any kind insofar as leave is concerned.

MUST AGAIN PAY CUSTOMS

According to ALNAV 167-47, parcels sent home by overseas military personnel are no longer exempt from customs duty.

All personnel serving outside the continental limits of the United States (except Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico), who wish to send gifts home that were heretofore customs free, must now comply with governing postal laws.

All parcel post shipments not exceeding \$100 must be accompanied by a customs declaration giving an accurate description and value of the contents. If such shipments exceed \$100 in value they must be accompanied by a consular certificate, or invoice, as specified by U.S. Postal Laws and Regulations, 1940.

Discharge Records Reviewed

Approximately 340,000 former Navy and Marine Corps personnel who received other than honorable discharge certificates are eligible to have their records reviewed by the Navy Board of Review for Discharges and Dismissals.

The Review Board, set up under provisions of the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944, has received approximately 14,000 discharges to date. In about 30 per cent of the cases reviewed, the discharge conditions were lightened by the board.

The Board is authorized to review all discharges from the Navy, except those issued as a result of a sentence of a General Court-Martial.

A large number of former enlisted personnel are entitled to receive honorable discharge certificates under the cumulative changes in instructions affecting discharges, provided they were not convicted by a General Court-Martial, or more than once by a Summary Court-Martial, and that their average service marks were at

least 3.44 in proficiency and 4.0 in conduct for Marines and 2.75 and 3.25 for the Navy. Included in this category are those holding discharges under honorable or satisfactory conditions which were issued on or after 9 September, 1939, for any of the following reasons:

The convenience of the government; the individuals own convenience; dependency existing prior to enlistment; dependency arising after enlistment; minors enlisting without consent who were under 18 years of age at the time of discharge; minors who enlisted under the age of authorized enlistment; and personnel discharged as a result of a medical survey not due to their own misconduct.

Former Navy and Marine Corps personnel may make written application to the Review Board, Discharges and Dismissals, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., for review of their records to determine if they are now entitled to receive an honorable discharge certificate.

SHOULDER PATCHES DISCONTINUED

The wearing of distinctive shoulder insignia by personnel of the Regular Marine Corps and the Marine Corps Reserve was discontinued on 1 January, 1948, according to announcements made earlier by Headquarters, Marine Corps.

The only shoulder patch authorized for wear after that date will be worn by the Recruiting Service. The design of this patch consists of a gold Marine emblem on a red background bordered by white letters reading "United States Marine Corps Recruiting."

Discontinuance of other shoulder insignia is a part of the continuing postwar adjustment to peacetime conditions. This is a return to an old Marine Corps policy of stressing solidarity and loyalty to the Corps rather than identification with a subordinate unit.

Officially adopted in 1943, the First Marine Division shoulder patch became the first insignia of its kind to be worn officially by Marines in World War II, although it was worn unofficially for some months prior to that date. Patches were also approved and worn by members of the Third and Fifth Amphibious Corps, the other five Marine Divisions, four Marine Air Wings, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, a number of defense battalions, and sea duty organizations.



"Caster, you must have warmer blood than I!"

guard duty



"I am a rugged United States Marine. I am tough. I ain't afraid of nuthin'! I am a rugged United States——"



"Wooltonpot, did you read your general orders thoroughly?"



TRAIN TO NEW YORK

I

HAD a lot of trouble finding a seat on the 2 A.M. through train to New York. Worried, sweating people, who had more luggage than should be allowed by the travelers' code of ethics, milled up and down the aisles of the cars. Everyone was looking for double empties where they might stretch out for the four-hour ride through the dead blackness of night-bound Maryland and Pennsylvania. They were finicky and not quick to share their seats.

Finally, by glowering at a fat drummer for a full two minutes, I found space at the forward end of my car; but it faced the wrong way. This unfortunate facing arrangement permitted me to see the girl again.

by Corp. Lucius F. Johnston
Leatherneck Staff Writer



J. DeHassie

A naive girl keeps her admirers guessing

TURN PAGE 41



SHE dispensed her genuine smile

I had hardly loosened my field scarf and made the usual nestling hip movements when she stepped through the opening by the water tap. I remembered having seen her in the concourse of Union Station. She had looked a little lost and had caught a lot of appraising eyes. But her smile had not faltered; it had been distributed upon all who crossed her gaze. The two worn, nicked bags at her feet were sufficient lure for any wolf.

Some guy had come up to her, nodded his head and made a gesture toward her luggage. The smile had not changed; it could not have increased, anyway. She'd merely directed it all on the man of the good will, and the obvious motives. He had not looked as if he habitually carried bags for distressed women, but the smile that the girl had given him concealed any knowledge she may have possessed about the birds and the bees.

Seeing the issue apparently settled, I had pushed through the gate and left the pair. I had few conscious thoughts on the situation; no one remembers all the ankles he has stared at. But there had been an impression. So I was somewhat surprised to see her enter the car from the end I was facing. I recalled that my subconscious had pigeonholed her as someone waiting for moneyed relations to come for her.

As she entered, her eyes searched the few vacant seats, and the heavy shoes of uniforms and sleek slippers of multi began to peel off the nap of opposite seat cushions. There was that something in every male eye as the men tried to be subtle and off-hand in their hopes.

Her civilian redcap of the moment seemed to have lost some of his suave optimism; he was carrying his load with the air of a poker player who is sending good money after bad. Maybe he hoped to salvage something out of a bad investment in chivalry — perhaps a phone num-

ber or a street address as a last resort. He plainly had thought the girl was recently disembarked from a train.

All this time there was her smile. Upon examination it turned out to be a charming puzzle. It seemed too genuine, if *that* makes sense.

Remembering, not at the moment, but later, I compared it to the description of fictional small-town beauties who head for the glitter of New York's foot-lanterns. There was too much innocence, with too little of the wariness that should be in the eyes of any woman who starts train rides in the weak hours of the morning.

She chose to honor a Marine in her selection. He had already shed his blouse and had settled into a copy of a picture magazine, but he shot erect to place the girl's grips in the rack overhead. Her helper from the concourse surrendered his burden; I couldn't hear what she said to him, but oh, that smile!

I GRINNED as I watched the Marine, a platoon sergeant with four or five ribbons on the blouse that hung over his head, mentally square his shoulders and tug at his trousers in preparation for the verbal contact, if not the conquest. The veriest of Puritans would have forgiven his hoping.

Up to the moment, I had dreaded this ride, with nothing to read, and too much coffee in my head. But now there was something to watch. I would certainly be entertained, and might possibly learn something. A lot of the boys in the globe and anchor ensemble justify, to some extent, the adjectives of slick fiction, and a few, in earthy, profane fashion, exceed the wildest fantasies of pulpy romances. I was all eyes and very sorry that I could not hear their conversation.

For the first few score miles out of Washington the train galloped along as if

it had a dozen flat wheels. The girl sat and jiggled, very prettily.

That smile ranged the car; even I got a little of it. The cocky sergeant said something. Then *he* got all of the smile, and I was a little envious.

When she turned the flashing white teeth and blue eyes on him, it seemed that the sergeant faltered just a bit. He looked, for an instant, like a man who had just hit the jack pot without a thing in which to catch the coins.

I used to read a lot of rot about stainless steel female creatures who came out of the deep South into the wicked world with nothing more than innocent eyes and a pug nose for protection. They inevitably married young lawyers who had just won a first case in defense of an about-to-be-foreclosed widow with five. This girl was stirring the most inexplicable thoughts in me; was there actually a thing as innocent as that? She could not have been more or much less than two years from voting age.

Some of my envy of the sergeant dwindled and I made a more thorough analysis of the things on the stage. Her hair was a genuine yellow, with a few mule marks of dark which had not been so sun-drained. A good chin, protruding a little with a firmness which somehow did not fit with the perpetually beautiful smile. What was she after? I know a woman of the concrete when she smiles, and surely this child was not simple enough to think that millionaires ride on dirty day coaches.

Blue eyes, and good hands — calm hands that did not fidget or worry with stray strands of hair. Maybe the forehead would not have suited a Latin sculptor given to Roman noses, but it looked like brains to me.

Her height, when she stood to go for water, was that amount of inches that no one ever comments on, but everyone likes. As she walked the aisle, I got some

The Sarge looked like a guy who had hit the jack pot with nothing in which to catch the coins

more of the smile. But then, so did everybody else.

It was beginning to worry me. A woman who looks like *that* does not have to be friendly. She should not have been wasting such smiles on a bunch of sleepy, two-bit eightballs. A hat and hair-do from uptown with a little instruction in posture and carriage — then the proper timing of her smiles — and she could have commanded what she wanted.

She returned from the faucet. No smile for me this time, but there was the silhouette.

The sergeant was cordial in his welcoming glance when she took her seat again, but there was something in his eyes that looked like respect. Why? And for what?

The pair talked easily all the way into Baltimore. She was more garrulous than he; in fact, I saw him take an exploratory look into his neglected magazine. She was neither forward nor backward, simply neutral and friendly, and with that look of popeyed trust that should have been kept within convent walls.

A few minutes out of Baltimore the girl looked into her bag for some of the trivia that always bulge those bits of fashion. There were some squares of paper that looked like photographs, but the sergeant was quite ungallant in his inspection of them. He did not want to look at them at all. Putting them away, she gabbled some more, gabbled and babbled past Philadelphia.

A few miles out of New York, her recital seemed to call for her patting the Marine's shoulder. It was not raucous hilarity; I was sitting close enough to have heard if she had raised her voice appreciably. It looked to be in perfect good taste, yet the sergeant flinched.

Back to her handbag. Among the other things exposed to my eye was a small leather billfold. She dropped it, but did not giggle apologetically when she bent to recover it from the scatter of cigaret butts. I liked that. A calm smile instead of the usual titters of a girl ever so slightly embarrassed.

Before she folded the piece of leather into the larger bag, I caught a flash of green paper. I could not see the size of the bill, but I would have bet that it was good money.

It was plain that she had subway fare for wherever she might be going in New York. Then why the charm for the Marine? With that charm I could have married myself to a full general, had my ambitions been in a military direction; although they most certainly would not be if I were a marriageable young woman.

Maybe she was practicing. I could not dismiss the idea that this smile would be in front of various theatrical agents' desks for the ensuing weeks. I was not sure whom I should pity: the agents or the woman.

With the train slowing for the Pennsylvania Station stop, all hands began to gather baggage. The sergeant grabbed his one suitcase and walked quickly forward into another car. It was obvious he had no intention of carrying the girl's luggage, yet the plea had been in her eyes as he left.

I have no desire or intention of crusading for Boy Scout deeds of good to the Godly. But that smile! Surely he would gamble with *those* odds.

What did I do? I had to help the photographer with his crates. We were supposed to cover an assignment in the big town. Besides, there was too *much* friendliness in that girl. Temperance in all things, and I think that is why the sergeant was in so great a hurry.

Taking a chance, I killed a little time on the street floor of Penn Station. She came up shortly. A redcap climbed lightly with her bags, but he almost tripped as he smilingly watched the girl just in front of him. I saw that flash of green again when she gave the boy a bill and waved away the change, and still with that smile.

She was still smiling and standing firmly on both feet as I walked away.

There might have been something disagreeable about her, not evident to my distant eye. But I think not. I think I have had a glimpse of a queen.

END

HE bathed in the beauty of a queen



J. De Luca



She waggled her tail goodbye at Ned Dirk's brassy Packard

Josephine

The story of a jeep

"who" came back from the war

with more complexes than a section eight

by Sgt. Vernon Langille

Leatherneck Staff Writer

ABOUT all I have to do these days is loaf around Crawfish County hoosegow and read the "Wanted For Robbery" signs. It's not such a bad deal—the loafing I mean—but being cooped up is tough on a fellow who's been used to the wide open spaces. Ever since the Kirkland bank gang was busted up and put behind bars, I've been spending a lot of time in this jailhouse. Each day I study the new faces that the Sheriff tacks up on the walls. Some day one of those fellows is bound to come through this town again. That means I'll get out of here.

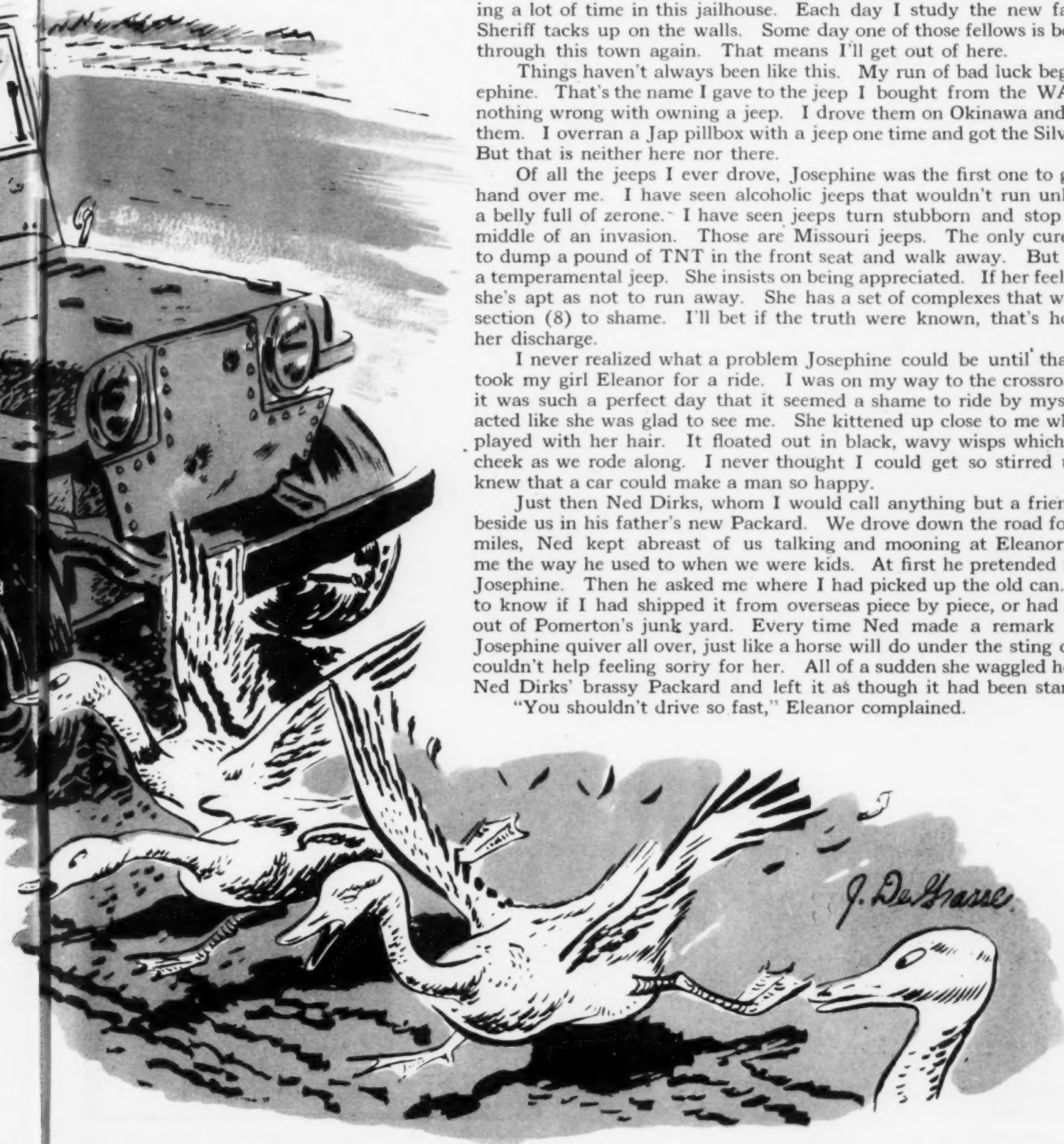
Things haven't always been like this. My run of bad luck began with Josephine. That's the name I gave to the jeep I bought from the WAA. There's nothing wrong with owning a jeep. I drove them on Okinawa and got to liking them. I overran a Jap pillbox with a jeep one time and got the Silver Star for it. But that is neither here nor there.

Of all the jeeps I ever drove, Josephine was the first one to get the upper hand over me. I have seen alcoholic jeeps that wouldn't run unless they had a belly full of zerone. I have seen jeeps turn stubborn and stop right in the middle of an invasion. Those are Missouri jeeps. The only cure for them is to dump a pound of TNT in the front seat and walk away. But Josephine is a temperamental jeep. She insists on being appreciated. If her feelings are hurt, she's apt as not to run away. She has a set of complexes that would put any section (8) to shame. I'll bet if the truth were known, that's how Josie got her discharge.

I never realized what a problem Josephine could be until that morning I took my girl Eleanor for a ride. I was on my way to the crossroads store but it was such a perfect day that it seemed a shame to ride by myself. Eleanor acted like she was glad to see me. She kitted up close to me while the wind played with her hair. It floated out in black, wavy wisps which touched my cheek as we rode along. I never thought I could get so stirred up. I never knew that a car could make a man so happy.

Just then Ned Dirks, whom I would call anything but a friend, pulled up beside us in his father's new Packard. We drove down the road for a couple of miles, Ned kept abreast of us talking and mooning at Eleanor. He razzed me the way he used to when we were kids. At first he pretended not to notice Josephine. Then he asked me where I had picked up the old can. He wanted to know if I had shipped it from overseas piece by piece, or had I gathered it out of Pomerton's junk yard. Every time Ned made a remark I could feel Josephine quiver all over, just like a horse will do under the sting of a whip. I couldn't help feeling sorry for her. All of a sudden she waggled her tail end at Ned Dirks' brassy Packard and left it as though it had been standing still.

"You shouldn't drive so fast," Eleanor complained.



JOSEPHINE (cont.)

I yelled back that I wasn't driving fast and then she blew her top. I should have known better than to contradict her.

"Leslie Morton!" she snapped. "If you don't drive fast I'd like to know who does around here. I suppose you are going to tell me that this car runs by itself."

I knew there was no use telling Eleanor anything. She wouldn't have believed me anyhow. I was tempted to try though when she told me that her father said I was getting to be a reckless driver and that he intended to stop her from going out with me if I didn't get some sense. I figured that if Old Man Connell ever did that it would be too bad. Eleanor paid a lot of attention to what her father said.

No cars passed us on the way back from the store. Eleanor got over her mad spell and Josephine jogged along at a nice even pace. Even so, the wind was whipping fast enough that Eleanor had to put her lips practically against my ear to make me hear. I just kept saying "huh, huh," and she kept talking. It made my head buzz as though there were a swarm of bees it it. I was fond of her, even if she did pin my ears back once in a while.

When we pulled into the ash driveway I waved at Eleanor's brother and he waved back. Old Man Connell was sitting on the porch in his undershirt but he didn't wave. Old Man Connell is the sheriff of our county. He rides around on a souped-up motorcycle, chasing the daylights out of speeders and scaring horses. The only money he makes is what he can earn in fines. Sometimes he fines people who haven't done much of anything wrong. Other times he lets people who have done something wrong go free. It just depends on how he feels, and usually he doesn't feel very good.

I parked Josephine beside Old Man Connell's new Ford and Eleanor asked me into the kitchen for a cold drink. She was very quiet and there was a look in her eyes that I had never seen there before. I began to feel mighty uncomfortable, so finally I came right out and asked her if something was wrong.

"There's nothing wrong, Leslie," she said softly. "Only I thought maybe you had something to ask me." Eleanor could be winsome when she wanted to.

While I was building up courage to answer, she started to laugh. She closed her eyes and threw her head back and ha-ha'd. I should have kissed her when her eyes were closed and I guessed I could have easily enough if her old man hadn't yelled.

"You good fer nothin' whipper-snapper. What the devil is the meanin' 'of this?" he was roaring mad.

"What's the meaning of what, Mr. Connell?"

"This!" His voice boomed like a howitzer.

Now don't ask me how it happened. I never have figured it out. I'm not that poor a driver. Anyhow, Josephine was crowded right up against Old Man Connell's new Ford. She had peeled a big sliver of paint off the front fender. I was plenty scared. Old Man Connell had his Irish temper up. I knew right then and there that it was the jailhouse for me.

"You got a license for that war relic?" he snarled.

I'll admit Josephine carries a lot of scars. The bullet holes in her hood are beginning to rust and the armored shield which some GI bolted to her radiator is badly dented. But for all that she's no relic. Josephine had been through a lot and Old Man Connell should have had more respect for her.

"Yer darned right I have a license." I tried to act firm. "I wouldn't drive no car without I had a license." I took out my cards and showed them to him.

"Hmmm," he mumbled. Then he turned a gimlet eye on me. "You be waitin' right here, boy, 'til I

kin get me a shirt on. Yer a goin' down to the hoosegow."

The women had come out of the house by that time and I could see that Eleanor had undergone another change of pace. She was on her high horse again.

"Why Leslie Morton!" she screamed. "What on earth have you done to Papa's new car?"

"I haven't done anything," I said. "Honest Eleanor. Your Papa blames me for doing something, though, and I'm not waitin' to find out what it is."

I think Josephine had her motor running before my foot touched the starter. I threw her into four-wheel drive and gave her the gas. Then something terrible happened. I hate to think about what Josephine did to Old Man Connell's car. She tore off both fenders and turned it half around.

Eleanor's dad was coming out the door as I went zipping down the drive. The next thing I heard was the barking of his souped-up cycle. They tell me that he didn't even wait to pin on his sheriff's badge or strap on his guns and holsters. He just looped the belt around his neck and jammed the badge in his pocket and took off.

Old Man Connell's motorcycle never caught up with Josephine. Sometimes I think that she just played along with it. Once when it got close, she started smoking out of the rear end. It may have been the tractor oil I was using in her, and it may have been just plain cussedness. As I drove her, the purr of her motor and the twang of her tires licking the pavement sounded like someone talking. Josephine jumped a ditch and cut plum through Cy Ellis' cornfield. I figured we'd seen the last of Old Man Connell.

He didn't give up so easily though. For a week running he came out to the farm to look for me. He'd have put up another "Wanted" poster in the jail if he had had my picture. Every time he came snooping around, my folks told him they didn't know where I was. They said they hadn't seen me for a long time. That was pretty near the truth. During the day, Josephine and I hid out in a thicket behind our silo. During the night I drove around, staying mostly on the country roads, but sometimes I'd drive out to Eleanor's house and park at the end of the driveway by the mailbox.

One night I put a letter in the mailbox asking Eleanor's forgiveness. I told her that as soon as I found a job I would pay her father for the damage Josephine had done. I also worked up enough nerve to tell her that I loved her.

The next night the letter was still in the mailbox. Eleanor hadn't bothered to answer it, but I noticed it wasn't folded quite the same way that I had folded it. I was pretty sure she had read it and resealed it. That made me feel better. But a little while later I was down in the dumps again. While I was parked with the lights out, I saw a car coming down Connell's lane. It pulled out in the direction of town and I didn't have to look twice to see who it was. It was Ned Dirks in his Packard and Eleanor was sitting way over in the middle of the seat. That's what made me decide right then and there that I didn't care anymore. I didn't care if Old Man Connell caught me. That very night I headed down the main highway toward the crossroads store. I parked Josephine right out front in plain sight.

It wasn't long before I heard Old Man Connell's motorcycle coming down the road. I didn't move. I just sat on the counter with my legs dangling like iron weights. I felt so bad that it didn't seem to matter whether I went to jail or not. I must have sat there half a minute before the idea hit me. I had forgotten that Josephine was a proud machine. She deserved a last chance to raise her skirts and hike.

I was hardly outside when a big sedan whined by. It was going so fast I hardly saw it. I had the ignition turned on before my pants had touched the seat.

But before I could pull out, it was all up with Josie and me. Old Man Connell was right there beside us with both guns out and a frantic look on his face. He hopped in beside me and poked the muzzle of a big pistol in my ribs.

"You better be gettin' this can a rollin'," he snorted.

It seemed to me that Old Man Connell was in a hang of a hurry to get me to the county jail. "I'll go peaceably," I said. "You don't have to bore that gun in my ribs."

"You bet you'll be goin'," he growled. "There's two bandits in that black car which just went by here and as sheriff 'o this here county, I'm delegatin' you to catch up with them."

"Bandits?" I gulped.

"That's what I said, boy. Now let's be seein' what this rattletrap can do. If you don't catch up with them thievin', robbin' so-and-so's—"

I knew what Old Man Connell meant. It was the same as saying I'd spend the rest of my life in the state pen.

Old Man Connell deputized me right there. He pulled out a big five-cell flashlight and started reading from a piece of paper.

"You don't have to hold up your right hand," he said. "Just keep yer mind on the drivin'." "I, Matthew Connell, sheriff 'o Crawfish County, deputize you an officer of the law." He pinned a deputy's badge on me.

"Thanks, Mr. Connell," I said.

"You won't be thanking me by the time this fracas is over."

When we reached Simms' Corners, Old Man Connell wasn't thanking me much either. Josephine was

Josie had a mind of her

own and whenever she decided to

use it, somebody—usually her harassed owner—

was doomed to trouble



hitting the road about once in every 50 feet. Then she came down just long enough to pick up momentum for another leap. Eleanor's dad kept one eye on the speedometer and the other on the road. His big flashlight played over the cornfields and cross-roads in case the robbers turned off somewhere.

"What's she doing?"

"Can't tell for sure," I said. "The hand seems to be going 'round a second time."

"Whatever it is, she's gotta do better. They ain't nowhere in sight yet."

I felt Josephine shimmy the way she did that day Ned Dirks insulted her. She backfired twice and two great balls of flame flew out of the back end. Then she seemed to flatten out and her windshield wings folded inwards. She skimmed the ground so close I swear I could have reached out and touched the pavement with my hand. The wind tore off her hood and it went clattering over Old Man Connell's head.

"She's fallin' apart from under us," he shouted.

"She ain't falling apart," I said. "She's only shedding excess weight."

"Take it easy now," he said. "I think I see their tail lamp glowin'."

Sure enough Old Man Connell was right. Pretty soon we could see the whole outline of the car. The big sedan was really rolling. Old Man Connell threw his broad-brimmed hat on the floor and got his neck craned out around the windshield. He started letting go with those two big guns. One of the shots shattered the glass in the back end of the sedan. Next he started aiming at the hind tires.

The bandits started firing back out of the broken window. They were aiming low trying to cripple

Josephine by shooting up her engine. The slugs rained off the front armor like hail off a barn roof. Josephine kept right on going. She was coming up on the sedan fast.

"Slow her down, ye' young fool," the old man yelled. "Yer gonna wreck us."

As far as I can remember I took my foot off the gas feed, and I'm pretty sure I put on the brakes. But Josephine wouldn't slacken her pace. It was plain to see she intended ramming that big sedan. She was going to butt it right off the road. She was going to overrun it like I had done the Jap pillbox. Old Man Connell hauled in his pistols and braced himself. There was a terrible crash and the sickening sound of tearing tin. We heard the smashing of glass and the crunching of brush and then everything was quiet. Josephine was standing there in the middle of the road panting, the vapor rising out of her like jungle steam.

We had no trouble capturing the bandits. They were so scared they didn't have much fight left in them. Old Man Connell cut loose over their heads with his big guns just to show them that we meant business. He kept his pistols trained on them all the way to town.

It's funny how news will spread. By the time we got back, everybody and his dog were out to greet us. The streets were jammed. I caught a glimpse of Eleanor standing in front of Bennett's Drug Store. She was slicked up in her Sunday best. When we reached the hoosegow, Old Man Connell gave me one of his pistols and turned one of the prisoners over to me.

"Make it look good, boy," he said. "The whole town's a watchin'."

We marched the bandits into separate cells and closed the doors on them.

"That was a nice piece of work, Leslie," Old Man Connell said. He'd never called me by my right name before in his life. It sounded pretty good coming from a tough old nut like Sheriff Connell. It sorta thawed me out inside.

Then he pulled the summons out of his pocket. It must have been the same summons he had sworn out for me the day Josephine smashed his car. Old Man Connell was plenty smart that way. He had led me right into his trap.

"I'm gonna read this to you, son," he said, "and then I'm gonna prescribe me own punishment. I'm gonna give you the stiffest sentence a young fugitive ever got. I'm gonna make you a law abidin' citizen if I have to put ya in shackles for the rest of yer life."

"You can't do that," I protested. "You have to give me a trial first."

"You'll get a trial all right, son—a trial with tribulations."

I was married that same night to Old Man Connell's daughter in Crawfish County jail. Old Man Connell brought the preacher over himself. He said that anybody who was as bad off as me didn't deserve any freedom. Right after the ceremony he tore up the summons and gave it to me as a wedding present.

So things are now pretty much as I've said. Being deputy sheriff wouldn't be such a bad deal if it were a little livelier around here. About the only excitement Dad and I get is chasin' speeders and scarin' horses. Sometimes we arrest people and sometimes we don't. As my wife Eleanor says, it just depends on how we feel.

END

Josie panted, the vapor rising like jungle steam





WE-THE MARINES

Edited by Sgt. Stanley T. Linn

NEW LEATHERNECK PRICES

WITH the February issue, copies of the *Leatherneck* magazine will return to the prewar price of 25 cents. New subscription prices, which will become effective February 1, 1948, will be as follows: 1 year, \$2.50; 2 years, \$4.50; 3 years, \$6.00; 4 years, \$7.50.

The decrease in circulation resulting from demobilization, and the tremendous rise in production costs have necessitated this return to prewar prices. However, the release of previously restricted information, the rapid advances being made in matters military and the ever-increasing scope of Corps activities promise a new peak in the reading pleasure *Leatherneck* will be able to provide.

Raven Malone, New York City model, was chosen "Miss First Infantry Battalion" by the Reserves of that organization. Lieut. W. G. Graeber, Jr., and Sgt. R. A. Bergstrom, bestow the new title

Extra Curricular

To a Marine veteran with the battles of Guadalcanal and Tarawa behind him, the small life of cleaning goldfish bowls for a high school teacher might prove to be as dull an existence as that of the goldfish themselves. But John Duxtader of Dolgeville, New York, heartily recommends it.

And for what reason? Well, according to John it helped him get: (1) an 88 in physics; (2) a high school diploma; and, (3) the teacher!

When our country entered the recent conflict, Duxtader was a sophomore in Dolgeville's Central High School. He had just passed his 18th birthday, and at that age, at that time, there was only one thing to do! He enlisted with Uncle Sam's Marines.

At war's end, Duxtader was discharged along with thousands of other men. And like many of them, he just sat around for a while making up his mind what to do next. Finally, deciding on the life of an officer with the forest service, he made plans to enter college. But the little matter of a high school diploma stood in his way. He went back to Central High.

In his class were 15 veterans. And in charge of the vets' "home room," a place where pupils do their studying (?), was a pretty teacher, Patricia Dunning.

All of the men agreed on one thing—that their teacher was beautiful. She was as young or younger than most of them, making things a little difficult for her. The vets were occasionally somewhat unrestrained in their comments and conduct. Nevertheless, she enjoyed working with them after the teacher-pupil accord had been established. She particularly enjoyed working with Duxtader. Duxtader reciprocated by offering to stay after school and clean the goldfish bowls.

As Mrs. Duxtader, Patricia Dunning will give up teaching to be with her husband at forestry school.

Panama Preacher

From the pages of the recently republished *New Panamarine*, the weekly serving the Marine Detachment in the Canal Zone, comes this gem. It was penned by the paper's editor, Corporal Cully Culwell, and needs no further introduction:

"There entwined one of the longest lines yet seen by the Central American sun. An unsuspecting passerby might have concluded it to be a queue of eager children waiting for Santa Claus. In a way it was. Uncle Sam was cashing the veterans' Terminal Leave Bonds. Good Samaritan that I am, I instructed my chiva (Panamanian Taxi) pilot to pull in at the next landing strip, and I proceeded to warn my GI and ex-GI brothers of the evils of accepting so much cash at one time.

"Up and down the line of vets waiting for the Chase National's 2 P.M. opening, I talked and pleaded with them to 'think it over . . . your money will be drawing interest if you leave it in there . . . you'll spend it all so foolishly, why not wait . . . the President advised us to refrain from going overboard on this thing, ya' know . . . you have a wonderful investment, wait for the rainy day!'

"Here and there my preachings began to have effect. Men stroked their chins in deep thought, deliberated, and withdrew their presence from the queue. Women, whose wartime wearing of the khaki, blues and greens had earned for them this bond remuneration, also displayed respect for my advice.

"A noble deed I had performed. So many

would now retain their valuable bonds instead of taking cash which would soon trickle through their fingers. Yes, I felt very sanctified in so helping my fellow men. By removing all these others I found myself only 13th in line. My bond was cashed after a wait of but 20 minutes!"

High Finance

When terminal leave checks were passed out to all and sundry, quite a few hearts were elated. A little more cash in the pockets inspired new independence and an opportunity to take the girl friend out more than once a week.

However, this did not hold true with Decatur, Ind. City Auditor Edwin H. Kauffman. As most banks charge five cents to cash out-of-town checks, Kauffman went three cents in the hole transferring his government gift into currency.

The amount of his check was for two cents.

One Down

In a small town post office, an Army sergeant and a Navy chief, both on recruiting duty, sat patiently waiting for something to happen. Suddenly they both looked up as a young man strode down the corridor toward their office.

Each mentally rubbed his palms in anticipation as the youth stopped in front of them. He looked first at the Army sergeant, then at the chief. Then he asked:

"When will the Marine recruiter be here?"

Momentarily stunned, both the sergeant and the chief quickly snapped back, and explained to the prospect that the Marines had not been in town for some time. And before the poor man could excuse himself, the recruiters began their spiel. The sergeant talked Army and the chief talked Navy, and between the two, the youngster

became slightly confused. First he had wanted only the Marines, but then he began to weaken, and finally was completely undecided.

Wanting to settle the matter, but quick, the future "soldier" declared: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll flip a coin, and which ever of you calls it, I'll join that outfit."

Both recruiters agreed. But neither had a two-headed coin, so the youth flipped one of his own.

Navy won the toss and elected to receive.

Memories

Not long ago the Springfield '03 rifle, beloved by all old line Marines, staged a brilliant comeback with Master Sergeant John J. Sullivan of the Boston Navy Yard Base Marine Detachment at the trigger. The event was the Camp Curtis Guild Rifle Matches at Wakefield, Mass.

Contests such as this one have served as a proving ground for many of the Corps' shooters back in the days when the '03 was king of all rifle competition. This past year it provided a few trophies and money prizes to inspire members of the Boston naval base Marine team during the Camp Perry shoot.

Sullivan bucked against the crack shots from Army, Navy and Coast Guard Stations as well as many of the best civilian riflemen in New England. His choice of the '03 over the M-1 proved a wise decision when he won the Harrison Trophy donated by Brigadier General William W. Harrison Jr. the adjutant general of the State of Massachusetts.

False Alarm

The Parris Island Fire Department sat cozily around a checker board in the fire house, while outside a cold, blustery wind heralded the rapid approach of winter. Suddenly the alarm sounded and checker board, checkers and chairs flew to



M/Sgt. John J. Sullivan, Boston Navy Yard, took top honors at recent Camp Curtis Rifle matches

either side as the men hastily donned warm clothing and boarded their truck.

The scene of the fire was the post bakery. Heavy, billowing clouds of smoke poured from the lower windows of the building. The firemen assembled their equipment, ready to pour gallons of water onto the blaze. Their chief thoroughly investigated the building to locate the center of the blaze. His search was futile.

In back of the building a sanitation truck furiously pumped DDT into the basement in an attempt to eliminate insect pests.

Damage reports on the fire listed one broken checkerboard, missing checkers and one slightly battered chair.

Another Sousa

High in the musical and theatrical world where children often follow in the footsteps of famous parents stands a pert little girl of 19. She is Lynn Sousa.

As the granddaughter of the late John Philip Sousa, she has the difficult assignment of filling her famous grandpop's shoes. Nevertheless, her recent signature to a contract as a film singer proves that she is well on her way.

It is doubtful that she will ever conduct the Marine Corps Band as her grandsire did or compose famous military marches. But if she possesses the musical talent with which "the March King" was gifted, she'll be a success.

First Divvy Reunion

In August, 1948, former and present members of the First Marine Division will add another "invasion" star to their long list of conquests. The new addition will be for a landing at the city of Boston, Mass., scene of their first annual reunion.

Anyone interested should contact the Division Association Acting Secretary John Reardon, 61 Billerica St., Boston, Mass.



WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

The "Admiral" Colonel

We—The Marines is really getting the scoop where odd promotions are concerned. In the November issue we had a field cook as acting captain of a Navy cruiser. And now we have a colonel recently appointed an "admiral."

However, to Colonel J. S. Cook, Jr., officer in charge of the Midwestern Recruiting Division, new stripes hold no water because he can exercise his newly acquired power only in the "Great Navy of the State of Nebraska." In this Navy there is but one rank, "Admiral," and all members enjoy the same privileges.

The appointment came in the form of an engraved scroll signed by Governor Val Peterson, incorporating the seals of the Great Navy and the State.

Despite the fact that the scroll has been framed and is hanging in the front office of the Marine Recruiting headquarters in St. Louis, there is little doubt in the minds of the personnel attached there as to how their commanding officer should be approached. Until further notice he is still *Colonel Cook*.

Quick Watson, The Needle!

The smooth-shaven, slightly nervous boys lined up awaiting their first taste of the needle in tomorrow's Recruit Depot may never shudder and shake, nor grit their teeth when the fatal moment arrives. They'll merely laugh at the corpsman.

"Shots," the prominent and unforgettable feature of boot camp, as the World War II Marine knew them, now seem destined for the scrap heap. Some clever gent has figured out a way to deprive the Navy corpsman of his number one terror weapon, "the square needle." The new gadget is a high-pressure spray gun, which injects the serum into the arm, no fuss, no muss, and no pain at all. As yet it has not been adopted officially by the Army and Navy, but in the event it is, boot camp will never be the same.



Governor Val Peterson, designates Colonel J. S. Cook, an "admiral" in Nebraska's "Great Navy"

Recruiting Conductor

During the war, when the boot camps were crowded, eager youths sat around in the dark of night telling of their peaceful civilian experiences, and usually the conversation got around to the question, "How did you get in the Corps, Mac?"

Their replies varied as widely as the North and South poles. However, it is known that 750 of them answered, "A street car conductor talked me into it."

And if you think they were kidding, you are mistaken. A street car conductor from Chicago did track down 750 Marine recruits during World War II.

The man is Michael H. Tierney, 50, who served in the Army in the First World War and then did a hitch in the Marine Corps. The back platform of his streetcar was decorated with Marine posters and literature and between trolley stops he

made sales talks to likely prospects. When they were interested he sent them to the recruiting office. Many of those who signed up visited him on furloughs to recount their exploits.

For his services, Mr. Tierney was recently awarded a testimonial signed by General A. A. Vandegrift, commandant of the Corps. The presentation was made by Lieutenant Colonel H. B. Atkins of the Chicago recruiting office.

Last of the First

During August, 1944, in one of Atlanta's swanky downtown "slopchutes," several members of the First Marine Division, veterans of Guadalcanal, were deep in the midst of a bull session. Prime subject at the time was the landing on the 'Canal, and the men they'd known and fought with on that tropical sweat-pot.

Staff Sergeant James R. Northrop, Jr., suggested that they organize a club and hold an annual meeting each August 7th to commemorate the Solomons' landing.

While the plans progressed, a more elderly gentleman stepped up and introduced himself to the veterans and was then asked to sit in on the party. The newcomer was Ralph McGill, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, himself a World War I Marine vet. He had an idea.

McGill offered the Marines a bottle of French cognac, and suggested that it be kept by the club and drunk by the last surviving member. Thus was born the "Last of the First Club" and the first "Last Man's" club to be organized by veterans of World War II.

The rules and by-laws are unusual, but not very complicated. With 20,000 present members, all former combat veterans of the First Marine Division, still in circulation, the new club expects chapters to be organized in many more cities throughout the country. Any group interested in setting up a chapter needs merely to send in a request to Mr. E. Wynn Roberts, 1004 North Main Street, East Point, Ga. All applications are voted on at the annual convention of the home chapter on August, 7.

The bottle of cognac is kept securely in a safe deposit box, awaiting the *Last of the First*. **END**



S/Sgt. Joe Seagraves, Lieut. Col. Hewitt D. Adams and Sgt. Melford F. Parks, left to right, examine the bottle of cognac which has been cached by

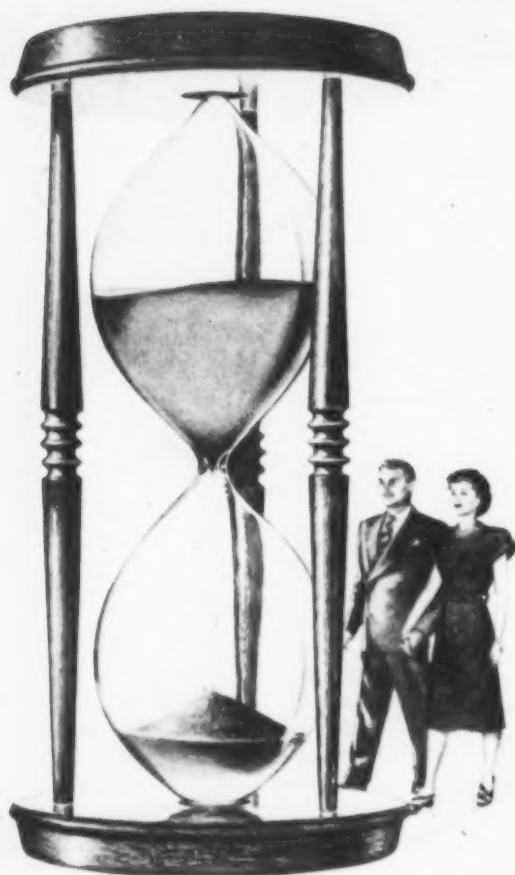
the "Last of the First Club." Only Marines who made the initial landing on Guadalcanal may join. The last living member will receive the cognac

*Mild
Cool*



*Now you're talking
pipe comfort*

GRANGER
PIPE TOBACCO



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Remember those words "melt away." They say better than a volume of statistics that you have less time than you think, to save.

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Sound Off

Edited by Sgt. Harry Polete

WARD THERE, TOO!

Sirs:

This is in regard to the September issue of *Leatherneck*—the article entitled "Anniversary Review." I know and was with all the men included in the photographs in this article. My name is Philip Ward, formerly with E Company, 2nd Battalion, Twenty-Eighth Marines.

Now I don't know where Bill Miller got his information, but the last sentence in the last paragraph is wrong. It states: "Keller and Michaels were the only ones who had not been hit, but they had been transferred to another platoon. The rest were replacements."

I was also one of the men of that platoon who came out of the campaign without being hit. (Indicated by arrow in picture below.—Ed.)

Philip Ward.
San Francisco, Calif.



YOUNGEST OFFICER

Sirs:

I hereby make my claim to fame as the youngest officer to be commissioned in the Marine Corps during the war.

I received my commission as a second lieutenant on 24 August, 1943; my birthday being 4 June, 1924. That would make me 19 years, 2 months and 20 days.

Anyone else?
Dewey Borellini
Hamden, Conn.

INFORMATION ON PATCHES

Sirs:

I enlisted in March, 1945, stayed in the States nine months and left for Dutch Harbor, Alaska, on 11 December, 1945.

Most of my buddies in Alaska are wearing the Headquarters, FMF patch, which their commanding officer tells them they rate. Do we rate this patch, or any patch at all, as far as that is concerned?

PFC Raymond Budzinski
Shumaker, Ark.

● **The Medals and Decorations Section, Headquarters, Marine Corps, informs us that you do not rate the FMF patch.** A recent letter from the Commandant orders the discontinuation of all patches in the Marine Corps, with the exception of Marine Corps Recruiting patches. So after the first of the year it doesn't make any difference about patches, you won't be authorized to wear them anyway.—Ed.

COMBAT MARINES

Sirs:

Can you tell me how many Marines were in the Corps during the war, and how many of them saw combat service overseas? I am a patient in the hospital with several Army fellows, and we have been arguing about the percentage of Army and Marines overseas participating in combat. Can you square us around?

Irving R. Emmerthal
Wallingford.

● **There were 599,693 Marines in the Corps during the war, of which about 19,000 were WRs. Of this total 92 per cent of the male officers and 89 per cent of the enlisted men saw service overseas. Just how many of these men who went overseas and were committed to actual combat service is a little hard to figure.—Ed.**

MINORITY ENLISTMENT

Sirs:

In October, 1943, I came into the Marine Corps via Selective Service and was discharged in April, 1946. I then re-enlisted on 7 May, 1946, without the consent of my parents. This was approximately 107 days before I was 21 years of age. I did not in any way falsify my age.

This happened in Pennsylvania, and, according to law, a contract signed by a minor is illegal, unless countersigned by his parents or guardian.

Can I have my enlistment cancelled on these grounds?

Name withheld by request
Quantico, Va.

● **Letter of Instruction #1490 states that only those who have not reached the 18th anniversary of their birthdate will be required to have the consent of their parents or guardian.—Ed.**

INFORMATION ON JAMS

Sirs:

This letter is to settle an argument which was brought up in our barracks. We would like to know which rifle has had the most jams during firing, the M-1 or .03? Also, the reason for most jams in a weapon.

Cpl. R. D. Mogle
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● **Men who have coached both the M-1 and the .03 on the range attribute the most jams to the M-1. This weapon being a self-loading, semi-automatic rifle has more working parts and more opportunities for jamming. Most experts are unanimous in agreeing that maltreatment and dirt causes the most jams.—Ed.**

EAST IS EAST...

Sirs:

If you have been in Washington lately, I am sure you received the news that all two-year men who have a contract reading for duty with aviation units are being discharged.

News has also been released that of all two-year men on the west coast, approximately 80 per cent want to remain in the Marine Corps. After comparing this figure with the east coast, where 80 per cent have voiced their desire to get out, things look pretty bad.

The main reasons for the difference in desires are chow and liberty, plus numerous other incidental gripes. I have had a lot of poor chow in my time but this beats all. Another reason is the PX which is either closed or out of stock.

This letter is not going to rectify the miserable situation, but someone should know about it just the same. In my opinion, if something could be done about our lot on this base, many more Marines in east coast aviation units would be staying in the Corps as they are on the west coast instead of wanting to get out.

It's pretty much like Walter Winchell said on his radio program. "Cherry Point is an officers' paradise, an enlisted man's hole and a civilian gold mine.

A group of disgruntled Marines Cherry Point, N. C.

INFORMATION WANTED

Sirs:

I am collecting data on the Saipan-Tinian campaigns for use in a historical novel now in the process of composition. There are many little, easily forgotten details which USMC Headquarters has been unable to furnish me. As a result, I wish to appeal to *Leatherneck* readers, especially members of the Second and Fourth Divisions.

I would like to get some colorful personal experiences, the day-by-day happenings in the life of some Marine. Any journal or diary account of the action would be very much appreciated. I also lack material to fill out the experiences of those who did garrison duty on the islands after the battles.

I promise faithfully to answer each Marine who corresponds with me.

William F. Alsop, Jr.
283 Mechanic St.
Lakeport, N. H.

KNOCK IT OFF

Sirs:

We have been reading *The Leatherneck* faithfully for the last five years and have come to the conclusion that the magazine is no longer being edited and published for the benefit of Marines. It has developed into a publicity rag for movie stars and fiction writers. There are plenty of these type magazines on the stands. We used to be proud of *Leatherneck* because it omitted this type of propaganda.

Here are a few suggestions:

1. Knock off the movie stuff. A few pictures are OK.

2. Write up more about doings in the Corps, both past and present.

3. Make *Leatherneck* a Marine Corps magazine with good dope and less scuttlebutt.

4. Last but not least, add a little "salt and color."

Franklin S. Balliet
Robert J. Bohrer
Allentown, Pa.



FILMDOM FANTASY

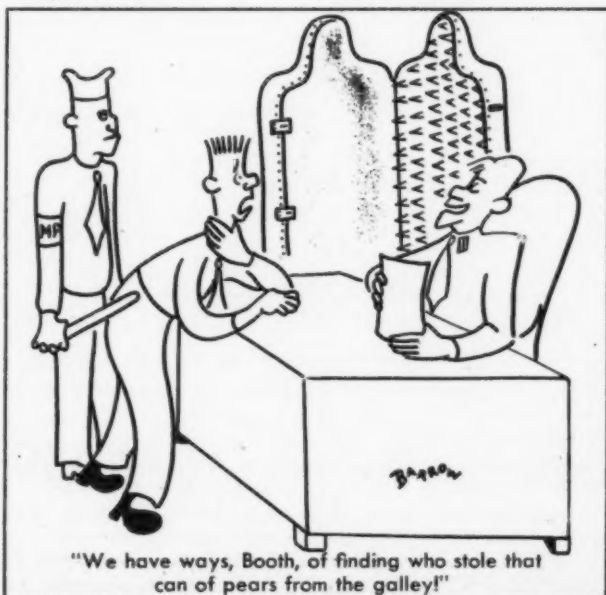
Sirs:

Corporal A. J. Childress in a past issue of *Leatherneck* asked for information as to where and when the Paramarines made an airborne landing which he saw in a movie. The editor told him that the landing was a filmfantasy and that the movie was "Gung Ho."

I believe the movie Childress refers to was titled "Marine Raiders." It was made at Camp Gillespie, the Parachute Training School just outside of El Cajon, Calif.

Despite the "raider" title, the movie was about a Paramarine battalion and the landing depicted was supposedly Bougainville. No Marine airborne landings were made in the Pacific and that part of the movie was filmfantasy.

Ward Pennington
San Francisco, Calif.



(CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)



"please!"

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

THE MANUAL OF ARMS

Sirs: We, of the Marine Detachment, USS *Midway*, would like a very important question answered.

What does the latest "Official Regulations" say in regard to the manual of arms from the position of "present arms?"

Is it permissible to do all movements from this position? The entire Marine detachment, with the exception of our two very "salty" Staff NCO's, say NO!

USS *Midway* Marines
c/o FPO New York, N. Y.

● Better pay attention to those two "salty NCO's." They are passing out the straight dope. Any part of the manual may be executed from the position of "present arms" by giving the appropriate command. For example: if the command was "right shoulder arms," the weapon would automatically be brought to "port arms," and then to right shoulder. "Port Arms" is merely one of a sequence of moves, and does not have to be given as a command before proceeding to right shoulder arms.—Ed.



ABOUT THE RED CROSS

Sirs:

I would like to heartily endorse the opinions of James Steele (against the Red Cross) on the Red Cross. I am sure many Marines have read his letter and share the same ideas. I do disagree with him on one point, however. It was not the lack of organization that caused the Red Cross to neglect their duties, they were too busy jeep riding and picture seeing with the officers.

Before entering the service I felt guilty if I couldn't contribute when the Red Cross passed the box. It's not that way now.

C. R. Dillier

E. St. Louis, Ill.

Sirs:

In the September issue James Steele was griping about the Red Cross story you printed earlier, and called it trash.

I was wounded on Iwo Jima and lay flat on my back for seven months. I couldn't write letters, or even hold a cigarette for a long time. The nurses were all busy and they sure didn't pull any of the Marines off the islands to do it for me. But the Red Cross always helped me. Gifts of cigarettes, matches, magazines and many other items were given us by the organization.

I also had seven blood transfusions over there. The Red Cross shipped that blood plasma from the States and donated it to the hospitals.

Mr. Steele mentions proof in his letters. I can give him a hundred points to his one.

Carl E. Hambrick
Salem, Va.

HOW MANY CMH?

Sirs:

Please inform me how many Medals of Honor have been given out since they first authorized them. Have any been awarded to Negro troops?

Marine

Chicago, Ill.

● We do not have a complete tabulation of the Congressional Medal of Honor Winners, except for the Marine Corps. Prior to World War II, 110 Marines had won the Medal of Honor. In World War II, 78 Marines and six Navy Corpsmen, attached to Marine units, have received the CMH. Of these 27 Marines and two sailors are still living. Six officers and two enlisted men are still on active duty. The rest have been retired, relieved of active duty, or discharged. Previous to World War II there are six known living men who hold the CMH and two more that might possibly be living. That makes a total of 33 known living persons who have won the CMH as Marines, and two possibles. No Negro has been awarded the Medal of Honor by the Marine Corps.—Ed.

POKER VIA HOYLE

Sirs:

In reference to your story, "The Winning Psychology," in the September issue, may I say that it is always entertaining to read a story about a poker game, but it would be even more so if the author knew that when a bet is not called, the bettor is not required to show his hand unless he opened the pot, and then need only show openers. (Reference: Hoyle.)

Furthermore, what was so shrewd about the boot's remark that the hand had been thrown in and was consequently dead? In this case, what difference did it make, since the bet had not been called?

Unfortunately, for the enlightenment of your younger readers, this letter will undoubtedly be processed by the same editors who believed that the author, Sgt. Lucius F. Johnston, was familiar with the rudiments of poker. The letter will probably be relegated to the discard, along with Sgt. Johnston's hand.

M/Sgt. Spencer H. Rolland
San Diego, Calif.

● Any time someone wins a pot from us with openers, regardless of what Hoyle says, we want to see five cards. And, while Sgt. Johnston is no longer around to defend himself, we believe he was merely trying to portray a character who feels he knows the game so well that a defeat by a "tyro" is something to be covered up by superior knowledge. Lots of people pride themselves, many mistakenly, about their savvy of the pasteboards.—Ed.

MORE RESPECT FOR COLORS

Sirs:

While gancing through one of the various papers which come to us through Special Service (a Boston paper, by the way) I came across this not too pleasant picture which not only made me boil but every man in the room as well. (Sgt. Strachan enclosed a clipping showing, among others, a WR sergeant holding onto the national colors with one hand, saluting with the other, and giving out with a big smile just before the colors were broken out.—Ed) If you can't find the object of my ire then I will point them out....

Since when does colors cease to be a solemn affair? If it has become a joke then why doesn't someone announce it. Everytime I salute the colors it is an honor, a proud one. I find nothing to laugh about.

Another thing: I've been taught, or am I wrong, that rigid attention is the proper posture for saluting colors. As a sergeant in the Women Reserves, King is a disgrace to the Marine uniform and what it stands for! My great wish is to get in touch with her and give her the "word."

Sergeant D. D. Strachan
Tsingtao, China.

DEPARTMENTAL SUGGESTIONS

Sirs:

As a subscriber to *Leatherneck* for many years, I would like to suggest renewal of an old department printed in *OUR* magazine, the *Gazette* Section I believe it was called, showing promotions, transfers, retirements, etc. Such dope should no longer be considered secret or confidential.

Also, in this connection, I would suggest your reading "In the Congressional Hopper" and "Bulletin Board Topics" in the March, 1947 issue of *Naval Affairs*, the monthly magazine of the Fleet Reserve Association. I believe you will agree with me that such information would be appreciated by those in the service as well as Marines transferred to inactive duty and discharged.

Sergeant Major Douglas S. Catchim, FMCR Ithaca, N.Y.

● The size and complexity of the Marine Corps organization today makes impossible the publication of many of those *Old Corps* features familiar to readers of *The Leatherneck* 10 and 15 years ago. Printing all the retirements, promotions and transfers, not to speak of special headquarters bulletins, in an organization of 100,000 men would leave little room for anything else. We agree with you that such information would be appreciated by many of our readers. On the other hand a great many would not. Young Marines and veterans who make up the bulk of our subscription list are interested in the Corps not from a clerical point of view. They take their statistics in very small doses. Perhaps this can be resumed in the near future.—Ed.

PENITENTIARY HEAD DRESS

Sirs:

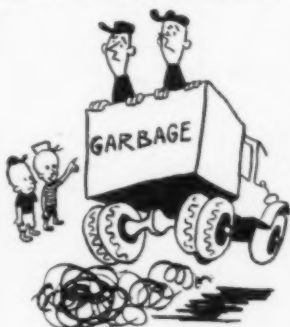
Why has the Marine Corps relinquished the use of campaign hats and promoted the use of (penitentiary head dress) utility caps?

If I remember correctly, the use of this unimilitary headdress was started during the war, chiefly by the Japanese. Some of our high ranking officers adopted the use of such caps and finally made them uniform of the day for enlisted men.

According to some reports from my men, many civilians have mistaken Marines on working parties for garbage collectors or prisoners, all because of the ill-fitting utility clothes and unimilitary looking utility caps.

A letter from Marine Corps Headquarters recently sounded something like this: "Dress a Marine like a Marine and he will feel like one." Let this be a tip to the person who designed these seabagged clothes and prison caps.

S/Sgt. A. F. Smith
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.



NO ARMY BADGES

I am an ex-Army infantryman and recently re-enlisted in the Marine Corps. During the war I was awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge, and since it is an Army award I am wondering if I rate wearing it on a Marine uniform. There are several other ex-Army men in my company, and probably many more in the Corps who wonder about the same thing.

Five ex-Doggies
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

● No, you cannot wear the Combat Infantry Badge on your Marine uniform. According to a ruling by the Commandant, men with previous service in any other branch of the Armed Forces may wear any awards earned during such time, provided the Marine Corps has a similar award. Since the Marine Corps has nothing representing the Combat Infantryman's Badge, it may not be worn by ex-Army personnel upon joining the Corps.—Ed.

REAR ECHELON AT IWO

Sirs:

Recently there has been a big argument about the rear echelon, K Company, Twenty-Third Marines, Fourth Division, being in combat at Iwo Jima. Will you straighten this out, if and when they went into combat?

Lawrence Ashburn
Mt. Airy, N. C.

● The rear echelon was in Hawaii during the battle of Iwo Jima.—Ed.

LEAVE, LIBERTY, FURLOUGH?

Sirs:

What is the difference between "leave," "liberty," and "furlough?" There are always different versions of each, and since I am going on leave (or is it furlough?) I would like to know.

PFC Marvin Striziver
Cherry Point, N. C.

● Leave, is a term used by the Navy and Marine Corps to describe authorized vacation or absence from duty for periods over 48 hours, or 72 hours in case one day of the period happens to be a legal holiday. Liberty is going ashore for short periods, not exceeding 48 hours, unless a legal holiday is used to extend liberty to a 72. Furlough is a term originally used to denote leaves of absence for enlisted men, while officers got leave. Now both officers and enlisted men get leave and use of the word furlough has been discontinued.—Ed.

DRESS BLUES

Sirs:

There is much controversy among the men about our present dress blues. The general conclusion is that greens are definitely out as far as liberty uniform. Of course we all realize the standard high collar is among the oldest traditions still existing in the Corps, but 90 per cent of the men will readily agree that it is old fashioned. Maybe it was all right for the men in 1775, but this is 1947. Below are a few of the reasons why a lapelled uniform would be more favored by the men.

Have you ever been invited to a friend's house, and asked to take your coat off? It's very embarrassing to explain that you have no shirt on. It gets pretty warm at a dance and the high collar doesn't help to keep you cool. There are many other reasons why the Corps should adopt a lapelled dress uniform, we all know them, so it would be of little use to mention them here.

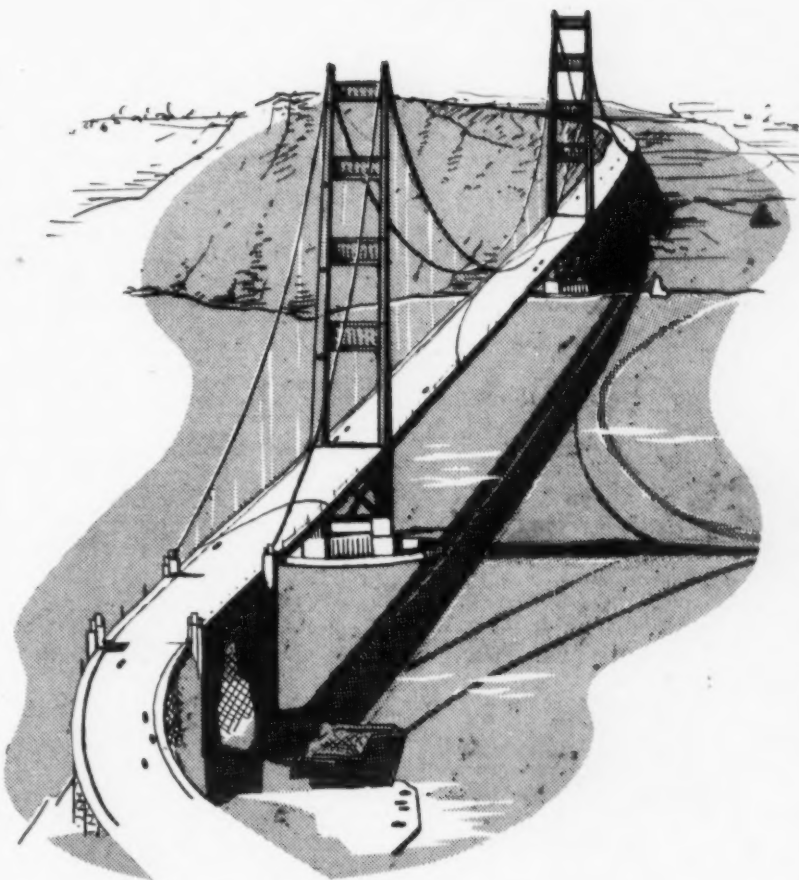
Sgt. T. J. Curry and
Pvt. F. E. Hartman
Brooklyn, N. Y.

● The adoption of such a uniform would require a white shirt and blue field scarf. Marines have enough clothes now to bring forth cries of wrath when they try to pack their seabags. The high standing collar should cause no trouble at all, if you are careful to get one that fits.—Ed.



(CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)

GOLDEN GATE IN '48



THIS familiar war time slogan of the FMF came from the island-hopping Marines of the Pacific who fashioned the Golden Gate as a symbol of the opportunity for a full life in the future.

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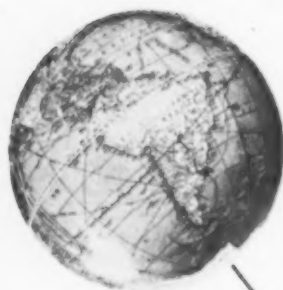
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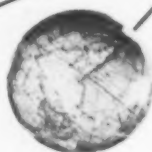
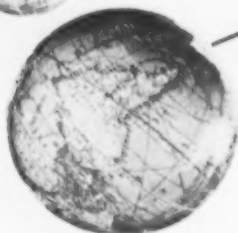
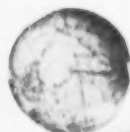
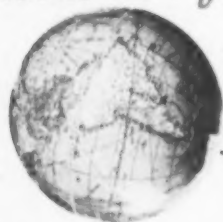
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SOUND OFF (cont.)

CHINA SERVICE MEDAL

Sirs:

I would like to know if I am eligible for the new China Service Medal. I have heard some scuttlebutt about one and would like to get the scoop.

I came to China in November, 1946 and left there in May, 1947.

PFC Robert S. Robinson
Guam, M. I.

● There is nothing new about the China Service Medal as it was awarded to Marines for service in China up to 1939. It is being revived and will again be awarded for China duty as soon as a general order is published. No one may wear this medal until after such an order is published, except those who earned the medal prior to 1939.—Ed.

NOT CAPE GLOUCESTER

Sirs:

In your article, "Anniversary Review," in the September issue, I came across a picture relating to the New Britain landing under which read: "By New Britain time the art of amphibious warfare was battle tried and highly efficient. LSTs line the Cape Gloucester beach-heads."

I have seen this same picture in the *Time* Magazine. They also said it was at Cape Gloucester. However, I am certain this picture was taken either at Goodenough Island or Oro Bay, New Guinea. The troops are loading the LSTs prior to the landings at Cape Gloucester.

C. L. White

Lexington, Ky.

● Other letters from Marines, sailors and seabees substantiate the fact that the picture was taken at Oro Bay, New Guinea.—Ed.

A LONELY ENGLISHMAN

Sirs:

I am a young, intelligent, but rather lonely Englishman. I should like to hear from all Americans who would correspond with me as a pen-pal. I have many interests and would be grateful if you would include this note in your columns.

Eric Lumer

c/o BM/FRVV,
London, W. C. I.

NO PATCH

Sirs:

We are stationed at NAD, Hawthorne, Nev. On our days off from guard duty we follow a regular FMF training schedule. We were wondering if we are entitled to wear FMF patches, or any other kind of patch.

Two PFCs

Hawthorne, Nev.

● No!—Ed.



ARMY STRIPES HARD TO GET

Sirs:

I would like to take exception to a statement of PFC John D. Wiley who voiced the mistaken idea that the Army is handing out ratings very fast. This is "just another poor PFC" who is damn proud to be just that, and I hope this will convince him it is just as hard to make ratings here as in any other organization in Uncle Sam's armed forces.

Of course we have privates with as many as nine years service who have risen higher but we have many with as many as nine years service who have not; corporals with from five to 11 years experience who are of excellent character, education, common sense, and have the proper qualities of leadership, but, for reasons not of their own making, are held in the fifth pay grade.

We have sergeants and technicians who have been in grade for as long as nine years, possess the capabilities of taking over a tactical company, but who cannot rise above their present rank due to the lack of openings. Some warrant officers with as many as 29 years service, 17 of that in present grade, cannot go higher and they certainly deserve to.

All of this is in an airborne unit where men are continually moving in and out, which should cause plenty of rates to float around, but still the opportunities for advancement are limited. I hope PFC Wiley will see that the Army has no fast promotion scheme.

PFC Herman J. Hale (USA)
Fort Bragg, N. C.



"He's the biggest earbanger in the company"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The following first-named persons seek information concerning the whereabouts of the second-named.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Brian Mueller, c/o Main Apt. #2, 1897 SW 22nd St., Miami, Fla., to hear from Richard Sullivan who was aboard the USS Missouri until August, 1946.

Richard Kronoff, Jr., 118 Paine St., Worcester, Mass., would like to contact Louis Szekley who was discharged 6Mar46 at Mirimar, Calif., formerly with VMSB-144, or anyone who knows of his whereabouts.

Staff Sergeant J. A. Bishop, Jr., USMC Recruiting Station, PO Bldg., El Dorado, Ark., would like to locate Gysgt. D. W. Williams and Gysgt. McNulty who served aboard the USS New Jersey in June, 1943.

Daniel Pruchnicki, 3979 E. 54th St., Cleveland 5, Ohio, would like to hear from buddies in Squadrons 152, 153 of MAG 25 who arrived in Tsingtao, China with the First MAW in April, 1946.

Jim Kasee, 5306 Rolston Ave., Norwood 12, Ohio, would like to contact buddies from Assault Platoon, Hdqtrs. Company, 1st Battalion, Fifth Marine Regiment who served with him during the war.

Lee Ruttle, 3765a Shafter Ave., Oakland 9, Calif., seeks whereabouts of Sgt Wayne A. Sherling, formerly with H&S Btry., 11th 155-mm. Gun Battalion. Also from former members of B Company, 3rd Armored Amphibious Battalion.

Lieutenant John C. Breckinridge, B Company, 1st Battalion, Sixth Marines, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., would like to hear from any of the members of the Thirteenth Platoon Commander's School that are still in the Corps.

John R. Goedel, 118-19 229th St., St. Albans 11, L. I., N. Y., wants to contact his old commanding officer, Captain Jack Foley, R-2, Third Marine Regiment, Third Division.

MSgt. William E. Weekes, 1979 N. Raymond St., Pasadena, Calif., concerning the whereabouts of Bobby Jones, last known to have been with the Fourth Marines in Shanghai about November, 1941.

Douglas S. Howard, 8474 West Third St., Los Angeles, Calif., would like to get in touch with some of the men who served aboard the USS Bunker Hill during the time he was Fire Controlman. Would especially like to hear from those in Los Angeles, Calif., district.

Vincent L. Lott, 1446 Wolf St., Jacksonville, Fla., concerning the whereabouts of William S. Newlin, last known to be a technical sergeant with VMO 3, or any other friends still in, or out of the Corps.

Eugene Conley, Box 765 E. Lansing, Mich., would like to hear from Corporal Henry J. Hasenzahl, last known to be with WMF 211.

Tracy H. Streater, PO Box 756, Kannapolis, N. C., would like to hear from buddies formerly with Company E, (scouts) Third Division.

Corporal Frank D. Henson, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., from a friend, Sergeant Arthur Hopfer, last together in Company B, Third AMTrac Battalion, on Guam.

Frank J. Stroner, 3101 S. Ridgeway, Chicago 23, Ill., from a man named Johnson who was assigned to Ward 18 of the USN Receiving Hospital in Geneva and Moscow Streets, San Francisco, Calif., in June, 1945.

Staff Sergeant Cornelius J. Ewers, USMC Recruiting Office, PO Bldg., Green Bay, Wis., concerning the whereabouts of Bill Fargo, formerly a platoon sergeant in Company B, Second Armored Amphibian Battalion.

Dorothy E. Caughron, Route 9, Sevierville, Tenn., from PFC Clauserman, or other Marines who were at Peleliu, especially friends of her late husband, PFC Luther Eugene Caughron, formerly with Easy Company, Fifth Marines.

Marion McCormick, 738 Lalor St., Trenton 10, N. J., about Corporal Edward G. Hill, formerly with AES 41 at Cherry Point, and other old A&R friends.

FM Kenneth Fish, RR Det., MCB, Camp Matthews, San Diego 42, Calif., would like to contact men who came through boot camp with him in Platoon 21 at Parris Island January 21, 1946.

PFC Joe Isione, MB, Naval Air Facilities, South Weymouth, Mass., concerning men who came through boot camp in platoon 245 in August and September of 1946 at Parris Island.

Joseph Liquori, 154 Berkeley Ave., Bloomfield, N. J., would like to hear from friends who served with him in Easy Battery, Fifteenth Marines, or Easy Battery, Eleventh Marines.

F. T. (Hap) Hambley, 190 Botsford St., Hempstead, L.I., N. Y. about an old buddy, Ken (Tex) Helgen.

Daniel Jordan, 740 E. Colorado St., Pasadena 1, Calif., concerning information on the whereabouts of Major Charles D. Gray.

James E. Lee, 1518 Bailey Ave., Jackson, Miss., concerning the whereabouts of Corporal James Priest, PFC Willie Ivey and Corporal Jack Stair.

Stone Garner, 2619 Wichita, Austin, Tex., about an old buddy, Bill Clarke, last seen on Guam in 1945.

Mrs. Flo Foley (mother of Guy C. Foley), 2942 1/2 S. Hobart St., Los Angeles 7, Calif., from Sergeant Ed Albert.

END



HOLD

YOUR FIRE

IN 1937, the clouds of war were heavy over China, but the squatty horde from Nippon had not yet launched its southward drive into the heart of that ancient land. It seemed that there would still be time to hold the annual Inter-Asiatic Matches in Peking and from every garrison in the Orient crack Marine marksmen began the long trek to north China. It was a fitting year for the Corps' sharpshooters to display their accuracy, for the tension was steadily mounting in China's capital city.

Three of the contestants came from distant Guam. One of them was Corporal James E. Liggett (now a gunnery sergeant), who is well-known in the Corps, for he has personally instructed over 30,000 recruits on the Parris Island rifle ranges. After a troubled journey, the three men were joined by a score of experts from the Fourth Regiment at Shanghai and proceeded to Peking.

While this select band of Marine marksmen was polishing its weapons and preparing for the competition, its members heard the sound of distant firing. Those ragged bursts were the beginning of the China War and the Marines who had traveled to Peking got guard duty instead of match firing. They became a security detail patrolling the Tartar Wall. While they watched, grim and silent, the bandy-legged Nips entered Peking and took over. It was a lousy detail, standing by while Japan's warriors looted the town, and the trained Marine trigger fingers must have been twitching.

For these men were watching the Sino-Japanese War being born. Their presence was a great irony. They were a group of the finest shots in the world, but they could not draw a bead on the invaders. During the troublesome days of the Chinese "incident," the expert marksmen held daily parades. Maneuvers were staged by a colorful group of the famed mounted Marines.

When the war moved south, as the "incident" broadened, the Marine sharpshooters moved with it. They rode the jammed refugee trains and watched the Nip troops come through the coaches inspecting credentials. But not once did the soldiery of the Rising Sun attempt to examine the gear of the Marine band. They didn't need to, for the nature of the baggage was self-evident. It was rifles and side arms and ammo.

From Tientsin, the group went by boat to Tsingtao, where they boarded the *Isabel*, private yacht of the admiral of the Asiatic Fleet. Then they got the first cheering news in weeks. They were ordered to stand by to repel boarders. Eagerly the riflemen tore the wrappings from their .03s and waited. Their craft went down the swift current of the Wang Po River and artillery fire arched spasmodically overhead. But no boarding attempts were made to relieve the monotony. In a few days, the *Isabel* reached Shanghai and the contingent of marksmen joined the Fourth Regiment.

From that point, the story broadens swiftly into the bloody panorama of the Pacific War. The Fourth Marines were evacuated to the Philippines and Guadalcanal loomed up like a milestone of the future. None of the sharp-eyed and steady-fingered Marines who came down through the heart of China in those perilous days of 1937 will forget that long journey. It should be recorded, however, that the trio from Guam were ordered back to that island. They returned on the old *Gold Star*, the famous supply ship that made regular trips between China, the Philippines and Guam.

On Guam they took a lot of razzing. Said their buddies: "We never heard of such a rifle team. You've traveled thousands of miles and have been away for months and you haven't fired a shot. Boys, you're some team!"

Finally, the Nips went too far and Marine marksmanship caught up with them.

SGT. EDWIN C. EVANS
USMC Correspondent

Be with the
FINEST



Be a **MARINE RESERVE**



High-stepping majorette Joan Heron gives this field music the lowdown

**The pride and joy
of west coast music lovers
was a zany outfit!**

Miramar madmen

by Leonard Riblett



The boys could play anything from military marches to boogie woogie, and proved it by forming a dance band out of the regular parade group



Drum Major Segeant Orlie Shamburg, one of the sharpest in the Corps, leads the Miramar crew down San Diego's Sixth street during a recent show

HIGH and clear — and much to the surprise of the Marines in the vicinity — the shrill tones of a piccolo came out of a head at Camp Elliott. This unusual solo was an audition and when the final "C" of the chromatic scale had been reached, the Camp Miramar band had recruited a piccolo player.

This, no doubt, was the first time in Marine Corps history that a bandsman had been auditioned in the somewhat confining limits of a head, but it was in keeping with the daffy character of the "Miramar Madmen."

The incongruous collection of characters in this musical aggregation used to point out with pride that the band they were playing in wasn't even there. They were not crazy. It wasn't there, officially.

No provision had been made for a band in the camp table of organization which meant that the bandsmen had regular duties to perform, such as carpentry, mechanics or whatever their spec numbers required. But in spite of its self-styled phantom status, the organization went right on giving out with some very real music.

It all began in 1943 when Captain B. M. Rowld who had been a drum major in China, became homesick for the martial music of the band. So was Corporal Max E. Way, who had served with Capt. Rowld in Peiping for three years. There were a lot of other musicians on the base, so they went to work.

In all, some 3000 Marines were interviewed and auditioned. Any man whose record indicated the slightest musical ability was called. Capt. Rowld and Way soon decided that the rules should be changed at boot camp and that any boot who said he was a musician should be made to prove it before it became a matter of record.

At first they shanghaied any one who could play the scale of "C," something nearly anyone can do if he

TURN PAGE

→
This little fellow's voice belongs to
PFC William Morgan of the band



PHOTOS BY SGT. FRANK FEW
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Field Music First Class Clinton Ostler, bugle master of the Miramar band, checks a list of equipment with Master Sergeant Henry Weir in preparation for another parade

practices assiduously for 15 minutes. The first band, which not even the drone of myriad bomber motors could drown out, had 28 members. But it was destined to have 62 men, play at every Marine air station on the west coast and become one of the most popular and colorful outfits there.

Another difficulty always present was the fact that members were transient personnel and thus were subject to transfer. In fact more than 100 members went overseas with various aerial outfits. Some of

them served their 24 months and were transferred back to Miramar where they again joined the band.

During its early days it was quite an outfit, individually and collectively.

The bass drummer, a lanky staff sergeant from Mississippi, had been a mortician's assistant before the war. He had a carpenter's spec number and the bandmen claimed that he beat the drum as if he were driving spikes. This one-time embalmer also played the guitar in the Miramar dance orchestra and was popular — and funny — despite his somewhat eerie tales of his profession.

Bandmaster Max Way re-enlisted after nine years in the Corps, five of which were spent in bands. After three years of China duty he asked for a transfer to metalsmith school and from there went into aviation as a corporal. When the band was first organized he blew a mean trumpet, but as more men were recruited Way devoted his full time to being a bandmaster, a job guaranteed to drive even a sergeant major to distraction.

The solemn mortician's assistant had a fellow tradesman who had entered the band fresh from aviation mechanic's school. He had had previous experience in a dance band, where he played saxophone and clarinet, and before entering the Corps he had been an ambulance driver for an undertaker. The two men delighted in comparing embalming experiences as the band was preparing for a parade. It always put the band in a lovely mood.

Many incidents brought fame to this band of fabulous characters. There was the near-fiasco at El Centro Air Base, where they had been called to play for a parade. The night before parade day, 45 men of the band showed off for Miramar in two buses. It was a bad night. There was a storm. One of the buses broke down and the other one never did show up at El Centro. Only 18 men reached the

air base, and these had flagged down a Greyhound bus to finish the trip.

When the parade started, Field Music Gordon McCarthy, an accomplished violinist who was bugler in the band, found himself playing the sousaphone. The wind was so strong against the huge bell of this monstrous instrument that McCarthy never had time to look at the music. He was too busy trying to keep from taking off like a big-winged bird.

Things were a bit mixed up that day. Another bugler was playing the trombone. Still another banged away on the cymbals. Hardly anyone had his regular instrument. There may have been a worse concert, but it is doubtful. There was one consolation: The wind was so strong that the general and his staff, and the troops on parade, couldn't hear the music anyway. Never again did the Miramar band travel by bus. After the incident at El Centro they decided to travel by plane.

The shifting around of instruments, with one man playing several, was the rule in this outfit. Take the case of Field Music Clinton Ostler, who gladly will cry on any sympathetic shoulder at the slightest sign of interest. Ostler is a bugler and a good one. But he hates to blow the bugle. When he finished music school at San Diego in 1943 he was assigned to sea duty, which means that he was one of the best bugle boys in the Corps. He was ordered to San Francisco and checked out of the base at San Diego. Just before getting his transportation north he was reassigned to Miramar. In San Diego he had to learn all of the Corps' 108 bugle calls, and he hasn't played one of them since.

Ostler, who has made records of bugle calls for use at Marine bases, also can play trombone, double B-flat sousaphone, E-flat tuba and E-flat alto. His regular duty was bugle master, but he didn't like that either.

The Miramar bandmen were always busy. They played an average of 10 times a week, not counting colors. They played at all west coast air bases, met scores of returning transports, took part in parades and played at football games. They were a fixture with the El Toro fliers team. The dance band, too, had been busy, and since men in the orchestra also played in the band, they had a somewhat hectic time.

One thing about it, though, the bandmen had to play colors every morning no matter how late they may have been in returning from a job the night before. The driver who took them to concerts or dances could sleep in, but not the musicians.

These boys could play anything from the classics to jazz, Christmas carols to marches. They could throw away the music and get along right well, too. Nothing surprised them.

One morning they had just finished colors when a jeep roared up to Bandmaster Way. The driver jumped out, whispered to Way, then sped away. Way flipped his baton, and the band started off — but towards the chapel, which was not in the direction of the barracks. They reached the church just as a Marine and his WR bride started down the steps to the strains of the "Wedding March." So the bride and groom waited on the steps while the band played "I Love You Truly." It is doubtful which was the more surprised, the newlyweds or the band.

Had the bride and groom wanted entertainment for their wedding reception this also could have been provided by bandsman William Morgan. Morgan, who is a ventriloquist, had had 20 months overseas when he was transferred to Miramar. Before entering the service he had been in radio work.

There have been some top-flight musicians at Miramar. One of these was Eddie Oliver, former pianist with Ben Bernie's dance outfit. Oliver had his own band just before he enlisted in the Corps and when the Miramar orchestra was organized he donated his enormous musical library to help supply the orchestrations. Oliver, now a civilian, again has his own organization. With him are two ex-Miramar bandmen, Bob Hall, a drummer, and Larry Foran, who is a hot man with a trumpet.

Another former professional in the band was Thomas Leatherberry, a trumpeter who had had his own 15-piece orchestra. He claimed he and his boys played all the whistle stops in Texas.

The Miramar band was jammed with good trumpeters. Master Technical Sergeant Weir, who was classified as a sanitation man, had been a scientific aide in the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine in civilian life. In boot camp he was never bothered by mosquitoes — a rare thing indeed at Parris Island. He had a magic potion which he spread around gladly. It seemed to take care of these flying booby traps in fine fashion. It should have, for his secret liquid was the now famous DDT. Weir,

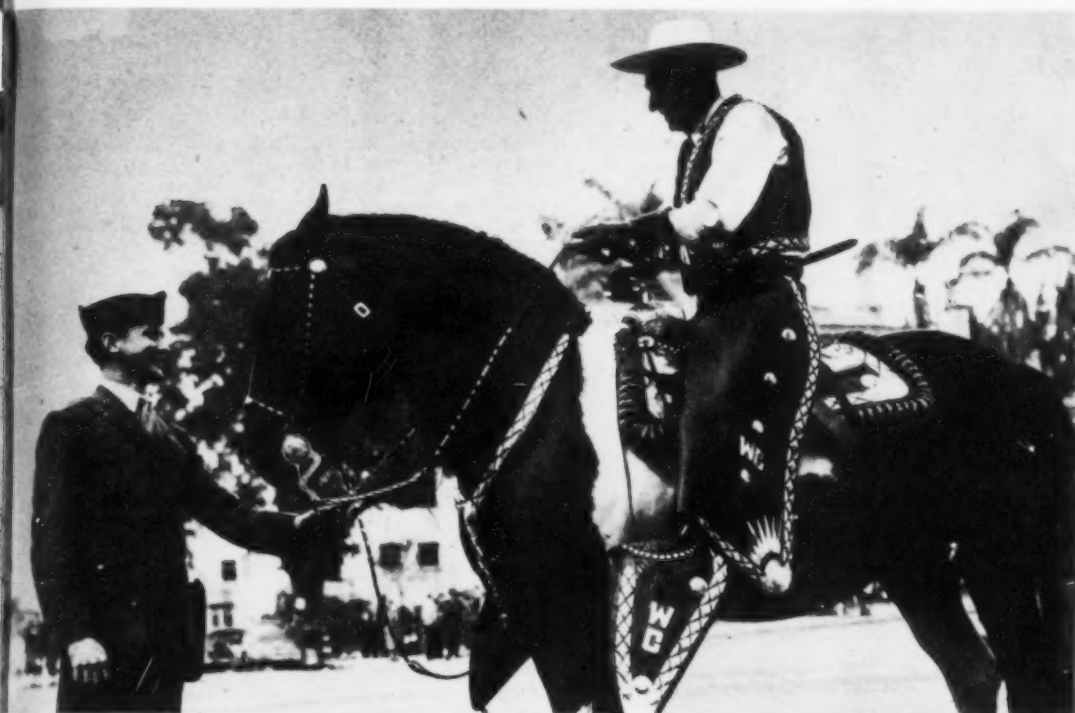


Tooting this big horn is rough duty in a high wind

**They could play Xmas carols
or the classics;
colors in the morning, jazz at night**

Velasquez had five children and he was going to make it eight. This, it seems, is an old Portuguese custom, and Velasquez believed in old Portuguese customs. He was one bugler at Miramar who was popular because he also was a barber by trade. They much perferred his artistry with scissors and comb to the hatchet men who operated the base barber-shop. It was a sad day when Velasquez received his discharge under the three-children rule. But not sad

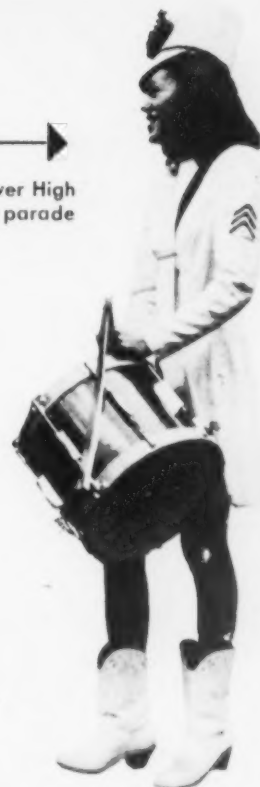
There were three men in the outfit who call Stinton, Texas, their home. In fact, these three were



After red hot trumpets, horses rate next in the life of Corporal William Custer. Here he admires the mount of Rancher Walter Church who led the San Diego Red Cross parade



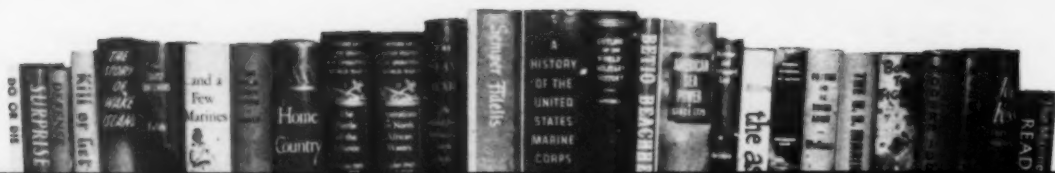
Field Musics Elliott Knudsen, Gordon McCarthy, Lauren D. Strandt, and Staff Sergeant
Irbie Fitzgerald shoot the breeze with ventriloquist PFC Bill Morgan and his dummy



Carol Crosby of Hoover High met the "madmen" on parade

Many of the original members are no longer with the organization but new replacements are quick to fall into line with the characteristically zany antics of the troupe. Some months ago the band was transferred from Miramar to the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro. Miramar may be mourning its musical loss but unsuspecting El Toro was let in for a lot of surprises when it was chosen as a new base of operations for the fantastic troupe. **END**

END



Books Reviewed

COMPANY COMMANDER. By Charles B. MacDonald, Infantry Journal Press, Washington, D.C. \$3.00.

FEW fighting men can write the story of their battle experiences and make the reader feel that he is living them. Charles MacDonald is an outstanding exception. In the safety and quiet of your favorite reading place you can, through his book, come closer to experiencing infantry warfare than through any other medium known to us, short of actual participation in a fire fight!

The author was an able company commander and, fortunately for us, he is an excellent writer. He came into combat the hard way—by joining his outfit as a replacement. Never having been in combat, he took command of a company of veterans who only the day before had captured a stubborn enemy garrison at Brest, France, and many of whom had been fighting the Germans for three months. His reception was respectful, but decidedly reserved. He was painfully aware that his men expected him to prove his right to command them in battle. His chance to do this was not long in coming.

Captain MacDonald commanded first I and later G Company of the 23rd Infantry, Second Infantry Division, from September, 1944 until the cease fire order was given in Europe. His company fought in the pillboxes of the Siegfried Line, defending a "quiet area" where they beat off counterattacks and survived nine days of intermittent artillery barrages. They were hit and completely overrun in the "Battle of the Bulge." The company performed mopping-up operations in towns and villages by-passed during the race across Germany, and it spearheaded full-scale infantry attacks.

This is the true story of the man who is one of the most vital links in the whole chain of the military organization—the company commander.



He is responsible for the welfare of the men under him, and for the actual conduct of the battle as planned by the officers above. When you read the book you will discover what a company commander thinks of his men, and what they think of him. You will learn what sensations a company commander feels—what he feels when he has to order his men forward to attack an enemy of unknown strength—what he feels when the enemy overruns his position and he has lost all communication with his battalion and with his supporting artillery—what he feels upon entering an enemy town, prepared for the worst, and finding it undefended—what he feels when tanks upon which his men are riding are suddenly hit by artillery shells—what he feels when he knows his men are exhausted and his orders are to push on, and on, and on.

The story told here reads like a novel, and

is fully as exciting. There is a rough, hard humor in it—the kind of humor that is found only among fighting men at the front. There is suspense aplenty and a climax worthy of the efforts of the best fiction writer.

Many great books have come out of the last war, and all of the glowing words of praise in the English language have been used in describing them. Very little can be said now about any new war story without repeating the plaudits attributed to the others. This is unfortunate because, in this reviewer's opinion, "Company Commander" is in many ways the greatest of them all.

—J.F.M.

PRINCE OF FOXES. By Samuel Shellabarger. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$3.00.

FOR those of us who prefer our history flavored with a dash of lusty adventure, intrigue, and seasoned romance, Samuel Shellabarger satisfies the appetite nicely with this tale of Italian Renaissance double-dealing.



Although many colorful characters are introduced as the story unfolds, it is the renowned Andrea Orsini, known to friend and enemy alike as the "Prince of Foxes," around whom the entire plot revolves. Using a wealth of talent and determination, Andrea successfully disguises his stigma of low birth to play the part of a respected and somewhat feared nobleman. Utterly ambitious, he smoothly blends his outstanding talents of diplomacy, romance and ingenuity to become the key figure in a highly dangerous intrigue of the day.

Assigned to a delicate mission by the powerful and ruthless Cesare Borgia, hopeful ruler of all of Italy, Orsini proceeds to play a very lively game of cat and mouse with the noblemen of Viterbo, Rome, Ferrara and Citta del Monte. As part of his mission, Andrea arranges for the marriage of the famous Lucrezia Borgia to the titled head of a rival family, thus adding more force to the already powerful House of Borgia.

A unique situation presents itself when ugly Mario Belli fails in his assignment to assassinate Orsini and does a quick about-face. He becomes Orsini's faithful ensign, an alliance which proves mutually beneficial as the two young adventurers alternate in saving each other's lives in a series of crucial situations "above and beyond the call of duty."

As a reward for his successful mission, Andrea is promised the hand of the lovely Lady Camilla, wife of the aged lord Marc' Antonio Varano, whose lands are also scheduled to fall to the Borgias through the tactful elimination of Varano. Throwing caution to the wind, Andrea denounces Borgia, offers his services to the House of Varano, organizes its defenses, and with victory following defeat in

a rapid-fire succession of spine-tingling battles, wins the hand of the fair Camilla.

Following closely the success of his popular "Captain From Castille," Shellabarger continues to lead the field of historical fiction writers with an outstanding facility for presenting accurate historical background as a backdrop for astute character development. After finishing this book the reader may well feel that he has just witnessed the violent Renaissance at its boisterous best.

—R.A.C.

BLACK FOUNTAINS. By Oswald Wynd. Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York. \$2.75.

OSWALD Wynd uses his knowledge of Japan, acquired during an 18-year-sojourn in that country before the war, as a background for this novel of an American-educated Japanese girl, who returned to her native land in 1938 after spending five years in the United States.

During her stay here, Omi Tetsukoshi adapted herself readily to Occidental customs and habits. It is small wonder then, that on her return to Japan in 1938, she felt that she was entering captivity in a country which was returning to its ancient ceremonial customs. Omi instantly rebelled against these customs while her parents tried to force her to obey them in the same subservient manner as before.

Her effort to maintain the freedom of life which she had enjoyed in America led Omi into many strange circumstances. She sought the company of American and European acquaintances in Japan, and through them met a number of Japanese who were not wholeheartedly behind the policies of their government in seeking to establish the Co-prosperity Sphere.

Omi's involvement in these subversive schemes; her marriage to Ishii Sagami, an



English educated baron's son, who also rebelled against the puntillios of ancient ceremony; their fight together against stern, unrelenting parents, suspicious relatives and officials, lead to a dramatic climax which finds Omi betraying a "Resistance in Peace" movement, which had started in Japan with the end of the war with America.

"Black Fountains" gives us a remarkable picture of the war from inside Japan, but it is hard to believe that this novel is written about our erstwhile enemy, who, we were taught to believe, was unwaveringly and fanatically devoted to the Mikado and to his government. Perhaps this novel will help us to see the Japanese as human beings. But whether "Black Fountain" is read with that purpose in mind, or just for enjoyable reading, Oswald Wynd's \$20,000 prize winning novel deserves a high recommendation.

—W.F.K.

The **Leatherneck**



Book Shop



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AN account of a small band of Marines and civilians, and their ordeals while under attack and during captivity.

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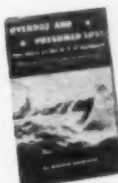
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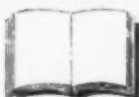
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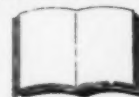
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